

San Francisco, December 6, 1900

# THE PACIFIC

Moore Geo Edwards  
1650  
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## All Things Under His Feet.

**O** NORTH, with all thy vales of green!  
O South, with all thy palms!  
From peopled towns and fields between,  
Uplift the voice of psalms.  
Raise, ancient East, the anthem high,  
And let the youthful West reply.  
Lo! in the clouds of heaven appears  
God's well beloved Son;  
He brings the train of brighter years;  
His Kingdom is begun;  
He comes a guilty world to bless  
With mercy, truth and righteousness.  
O Father! haste the promised hour  
When at His feet shall lie  
All rule, authority and power,  
Beneath the ample sky;  
When He shall reign from pole to pole,  
The Lord of every human soul.  
When all shall heed the words He said,  
Amid their daily cares,  
And, by the loving life he led,  
Shall strive to pattern theirs;  
And He, who conquered Death, shall win  
The mightier conquest over sin.

—William Cullen Bryant.



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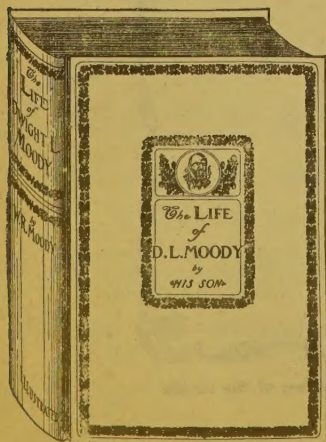
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# THE PACIFIC

Representative of the Congregational Churches of the Pacific Coast

*"First pure, then peaceable . . . without partiality and without hypocrisy"*

W. W. FERRIER, Editor.

San Francisco, Cal.

Thursday, December 6, 1900

## in Self

Not in the clamor of the crowded street,  
Not in the shout and plaudits of the throng,  
But in ourselves are triumphs and defeat.

—Longfellow

President Clark of the United Society of Christian Endeavorers, publishes in the last Christian Endeavor World a letter which, because of its intrinsic merit, and because it falls in so with a present current of Christian life in our churches, ought to be prayerfully pondered and put into practice. The twentieth birthday is at hand of that great movement which, beginning in a small New England church with less than a score of members, numbers now its millions. In anticipation of this President Clark sets forth certain plans in which he desires their co-operation. These plans relate to their honorary membership, their younger membership, a Decision Day, and a Twentieth Birthday Thank-Offering for missions. He urges that beginnings be made at once in all these directions, to the end that when February 2nd comes round the great army of associated youth shall be prepared to move forward to the conquest of the twentieth century, with all that it holds, for Christ. He speaks in particular of a Prayer Circle whose definite purpose is to spend some minutes every day in supplication for a great religious awakening which shall bring within its sweep all their societies and all our churches. This Prayer Circle also proposes a watch night prayer-meeting on the last night of the year, binding together the passing and the coming centuries, in which prayers shall be made to God for a gracious revival. We are very sure that Dr. Clark's appeal will touch a sympathetic chord in the hearts of many of the readers of The Pacific, and we add our plea to his, that it may be practically responded to, not only

by the members of the Christian Endeavor Societies, but by all who are "waiting for His appearing."

The December number of The Record of Christian Work contains an article by the Rev. Dr. Arthur H. Smith on "The Outlook for Missions in North China." Dr. Smith says that it is far too soon to be able to combine the various stories of misery which are everywhere to be heard, but enough is known to make it almost certain that in the vicinity of Peking and T'ung Chou more than one-half of the Christians who were exposed to the greatest dangers lost their lives, and in some districts four-fifths of them are missing. The native church, like the Children of Israel after the captivity, is literally represented by a remnant. It is noteworthy that Dr. Smith's mind at the time of the writing of the article inclined toward the partition of the empire—not as the best settlement, but as the one most likely to occur. Russia's out-reaching is noted, and in this connection he says that he cannot contemplate the future of Christian missions in China, when dominated in any large part by Russia, without the dread of a long predicted glacial action along the line of things spiritual. If the emperor, Kwang Hsu, should be set again upon the throne and be bolstered by the Powers, it does not seem to him likely that such a compromise could be more than temporary. Napoleon's prophecy, "In fifty years all Europe will be republican or Cossack," is recalled, and it is said that the coming menace of the race is not "the yellow peril," nor is it yet to be found in the isles of Japan. And so here again we have it, as we have had it again and again from far-sighted men, that Russian dominance of the world is a cherished idea never relinquished, and that we move forward



toward a time when Anglo-Saxon civilization and Slavic civilization will contend for the mastery.

### Theological Freedom

One of the most important subjects under consideration in the Monday meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity was that of last Monday—"The Limits of Theological Freedom." This was the subject presented by Professor F. H. Foster of Pacific Theological Seminary the previous week, in whose paper there was unqualified condemnation of the positions taken by Professor Paine of Bangor Seminary in his recent book, "The Evolution of Trinitarianism." Mention was made, by Professor Foster, not alone of Professor Paine, but of others as well, who occupy advanced liberal positions, and the plain intimation was that they could do the creditable thing only by taking their departure to some fellowship in which doctrinal belief was more in harmony with theirs than it is in Congregationalism.

Inasmuch as the paper presented by Professor Foster dealt largely with the book of Professor Paine, and many had not read the book, there was a disinclination to enter into a discussion as to that, and there were only a few expressions as to the limits of theological freedom.

We do not wish at this time to report our brethren to the world—to tell just who does believe and who does not believe that a man writing such a book as Professor Paine has written should be accorded our denominational fellowship, but we do desire to give here a note of warning. When, in the conclusion of the discussion, Professor Foster stated that the time would come when these questions that are now only peripheral would be central, and that we would have to change our methods in dealing with them in ordinations and installations, etc., or disappear as a denomination, there was a manifestation of amusement.

The Pacific believes that the Professor is correct to a certain extent. Congregationalism is at a critical point in its history.

Recently our churches in Washington faced a crisis. A man who had been deposed from the Presbyterian ministry and who had been preaching in the East for a year or two for

the Universalists, sought re-ordination at the hands of a council called from the churches of the Seattle Association. In writing us concerning this one of our Washington readers says: "I feared that we had come to the time of a separation, for several of us cannot fellowship (in the denomination) Unitarians or Universalists, and perhaps a new Association would have come into being." Fortunately, the council by a large majority voted against the ordination of the candidate.

All over the country there are Congregationalists who feel as a large number on Puget Sound feel. They do not wish to give fellowship (in the denomination) to pronounced Universalists or Unitarians. They believe that the place for all such is with the Universalists or Unitarians. We do not believe that our churches can continue to receive into their ministry men who unequivocally so declare themselves, and a time of cleavage and separation be avoided. It is true that we are in a state of theological transition. We shall have to emerge from this state of transition some time, and when we do emerge the day of reckoning will have come.

Is it not time to call a halt all along the line on this disposition and tendency to admit into the Congregational ministry everybody who may apply? The cargo we take on while we continue in transition may wreck the vessel in the end. Or, we may never get out of the state of transition, and may remain ever an unknown quantity. This it is that leads other denominations to crowd in where, in our opinion the Congregational churches are thoroughly occupying the field, and to excuse themselves for so doing by the statement that "so many Congregational churches are Unitarian or Universalist that the interests of the communities demand something other."

### Andover's New Departure

The recent inauguration of Rev. Edward Y. Hincks, D.D., as Abbott Professor of Systematic Theology in Andover Theological Seminary witnessed an innovation which was nothing less than a revolution. The creed was drawn up by the founders of the Seminary, A. D. 1808, and the public subscription to it



has, until now, been made a part of the installation service of every occupant of that chair. This year, for the first time, it was omitted, a statement of the reasons for its discontinuance being given by the President of the board of trustees.

Those reasons are its failure, any longer, to convey to readers of today the meaning which it had in the minds of its authors, with consequent liability to harmful effects upon our churches, and the seminary.

There is no doubt that the creed statement referred to has, for many years, ceased to be of value save for marking one stage of theological thinking; more than this, that it has been a positive drag upon the seminary. Not one of the recent professors has signed it in any but a perfunctory spirit, and with so many reservations and explanations as to quite destroy its value as a symbol. The efforts to set aside or otherwise nullify it developed a conflict, which divided the churches of our order into two hostile camps, and came near to wrecking not only that institution, but our great foreign missionary society also. Nor is there any doubt that the conflict was practically over dead issues, as much so as the Presbyterian Confession. The authors of that creed, were they among us today, would certainly be among the first to advocate the changes needed to bring it into accord with present-day theology, for they were wise men.

For all these reasons, it is matter for congratulation that this unendurable condition of things has been ended, and that this needless weight upon the conscience of the professors, and the prosperity of the seminary, is removed. And yet, one can hardly fail to feel that the reasons adduced are evasive; that the creed did fairly represent the theological thinking of that today, and that it is now discarded simply because the reverent thought of our theological leaders has outgrown not only those expressions, but the conceptions lying back of them. Upon the high ground of equity, that is, of putting the seminary in a position to train up able and effective ministers of the Word, the action of the trustees and visitors is justifiable. We are very sure that in it they have been absolutely conscientious. Their course would, we think, be sustained by all

the higher courts of the land. We only wish that some less uncertain way of saying so could have been found. We shall be glad if the history of the case serves to fix in the minds of philanthropic donors the conviction that it is unwisdom to impose too many conditions upon any benefaction which is intended to live and work, like a theological seminary, long after they themselves have passed away. No man, however wise, can so free himself from the associations of the present, as to throw himself into the conditions of the future. No body of men can so anticipate the changes which half a century will bring about, as to intelligently prescribe, not only the truths to be taught, but the molds into which they shall be cast, and the very words in which they shall be expressed. Better act upon Paul's counsel to Timothy and commit all these things to faithful men who shall be able to teach others also," leaving their hands free to meet arising exigencies under the guidance of the unerring Spirit.

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#### Good Books

The value of the good book was emphasized recently in *The Pacific*. The time is near when many will be purchased for Christmas gifts—especially for the young. These books will have much to do in shaping the lives of those who read them. It has been aptly said that the first book that makes a deep impression on a young mind often constitutes an epoch in his life. It was the reading of the lives of Brainard and Carey that led Henry Martyn to his heroic career as a missionary. George Law, a noted millionaire, once said that a biography read by him as a boy gave him all his subsequent prosperity. Alexander testified that Homer's *Iliad* made him a warrior, and it was the story of Alexander that led Julius Caesar and Charles the Twelfth on to their bloody careers. Said John Angell James—one of England's famous Christian preachers—once in a pulpit at Birmingham: "Twenty-five years ago a lad loaned me an infamous book. He would loan it only fifteen minutes, and then I gave it back. But that book has haunted me like a specter ever since. I shall carry the damage of it to the day of my death."

No better book than the biography of some



good and great man can be placed in the hands of the young. The list from which to select is a long one. The world has been blest by good and great men not a few—and women, too. But inasmuch as works of fiction are likely to be selected by many people, and in selecting books of this variety so many people err in judgment, we name here a few which will inspire to better things all who read them. Although not for the young people distinctively, we place first those two far-famed books by Ralph Connor, "Black Rock" and "The Sky Pilot." These are two of the best stories in circulation today. About 60,000 copies of each have already been sold, and such is their enduring worth that we predict they will continue for a long time to have a large sale. They are books that make for better things than some of those toward which the popular mind has turned of late.

If any of our readers are looking for a story for a boy or girl anywhere between eight and fifteen years of age, let them not look beyond "The Bishop's Shadow." But why should we say between the ages of eight and fifteen, when we know persons nearing the three score and ten age point who have read the book with great pleasure and profit?

In his history of the Howard Street Presbyterian church of this city the Rev. S. H. Willey says concerning Mr. D. N. Hawley, who went from membership in the First Congregational church to the new enterprise started by the Presbyterians: "He united with us from purely missionary motives. He was sorely needed in the Congregational church, then composed of only a handful of young men. But we were so much fewer, and were just trying to begin in a remote part of the city, that he consented to join us, and with much reluctance his associates consented that he should do so. He was at the head of the hardware firm of Hawley, Sterling and Company, and as active and busy a man as there was in the city, but he somehow found time to do a great deal of Sunday-school work, and work of every kind that was necessary in laying the foundation of a working church in a part of the city where no church existed." There is need of this kind of missionary spirit on the Pacific coast at the beginning of the

twentieth century. If it were to become manifest in several hundred good people now having membership in flourishing churches, the hard problems of many of the struggling churches would soon be solved. If our Pacific coast cities are to have more than one strong church each, there will have to be colonizing. It was colonizing that built up several strong churches in several interior cities some years ago. Otherwise they would have been impossible.

The annual football game between our universities has been played. It was attended by a terrible tragedy. Some one blundered. Hundreds of young men and boys who did not have the money to admit them to the grounds climbed up on a neighboring roof, which broke and plunged twenty into eternity, while scores were injured for life. Some fell into a seething furnace of liquid glass. But the game went on, though word went around that an accident had occurred. There appears to be something of the ancient Roman under the American skin, a certain abnormal enthusiasm for excitement and danger. The sombre ambulances and dead wagons began to arrive, and even the fire engines came puffing up to the scene of the disaster, but the full extent of the accident was not known to the crowd. We know of one physician, however, who was called out to assist the injured, but he soon returned with the remark that eight people were killed, and continued watching the game. If there is no statute prohibiting boys from climbing on roofs to watch spectacular exhibitions, there ought to be. If there is such a statute then the police must share a large part of the blame. It is a matter of gratulation that this is to be the last football game in San Francisco. It is not a good thing for the public nor the students. College athletics should not be given over to the making of money. The highest college spirit is not conserved in that way.

The Sunday-school which voted last Sunday as to whether it would have the Wellspring or the Young People's Weekly for 1901, chose the former. This action on the part of the school connected with Pilgrim church, Oakland, is one we hope to see imitated by others all over the coast. If there is any good reason



why our Sunday-schools should not be loyal to the publications of our own Society we do not know it.

A Pacific Seminary number of the *Bibliotheca Sacra* will be issued in April. It will contain, among other articles by California writers, the paper by Professor F. H. Foster on "The Limits of Theological Freedom," read at the Monday meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity.

### The Religious World.

The value of the church property of the Methodist Episcopal church of the United States is greater than the value of that owned by the Roman Catholic church.

During the last decade the increase in population in the United States has been 21 per cent, while the increase in church membership has been 34 per cent. There is basis for optimism, not pessimism in these figures.

The Protestant Episcopal church has led in putting money into missionary work in the Philippines. Chaplain Pierce announced in Manila not long ago that he and his co-workers had already received \$22,000 in gold for the work, and that they would ere long receive \$100,000.

Bishop Warren writes from Calcutta regarding Protestantism in the Philippines. He says that the first Protestant services in the islands were held at the temporary headquarters established by Messrs. Jackson and Glunz, the young men sent out from San Francisco by the Y. M. C. A. "The efforts of these consecrated brethren," he says, "were heroic. The American boys who were here will tell as long as they live not only of the spiritual help they received during those trying days, but of the song books, writing material, general literature, and the games furnished for them. I have repeatedly been at headquarters, and have seen several men busy packing great boxes of writing material, song books, Bibles, and general literature to be sent to the out-of-the-way posts all over the islands."

It seems that Mr. Sankey has in mind some kind of training school for gospel singers. He says in a London paper: "In relation to the matter of the training school for gospel singers I would say, it is not my purpose to put up any buildings, but rather to take buildings for short periods in different sections of the U. S., calling together the Christian singers for a convention of, say ten days, in each place, giving them such

points and suggestions as I may be able after my forty years of sacred song service. By repeating these conventions from year to year, I trust I will find a few men who can sing well enough to devote their time, like myself, to this line of Christian service. I can, in this way, cover a large part of my own country, and if successful, shall hope to return again to Great Britain and try and find some Gospel singers here."

The Rev. Dr. John Watson, of Great Britain, the Ian MacLaren of literature, has published an outline of his theological beliefs, with the title, "The Doctrines of Grace." Dr. R. F. Horton writes concerning it in the *British Weekly*, and says that those theologians who at one time questioned Dr. Watson's orthodoxy will be reassured by this book. It is interesting to note that prominent among Dr. Watson's essential doctrines stand that of the deity of Christ and that of his atoning sacrifice on the cross. From these doctrines, he says, that the church departs at her peril and that in abiding in them she always triumphs. In his comments Dr. Horton says: "Not only are these essentials vindicated, but the austere doctrine of the Sovereignty of God, with its corollary of election, is defended, not, it is true, by an appeal to texts, but by an appeal to the indubitable facts of life. The same method is adopted in the last chapter, on the Mercy of Future Punishment, where the reality of hell is not based so much on the express words of our Lord as on the primal demands of the human spirit. The Mercy of Future Punishment lies in this, that apart from it, the spiritual society of the future must be stained, darkened and saddened, as society is here, by the presence of the brutal and the selfish and the unclean. Continuing, Dr. Horton says: "It would be an interesting study to compare this treatise on Christian doctrine with the book which Dr. Dale published, and indeed, left half done, in 1894. In each case a preacher, after many years of ministry, attempts to sum up and systematise the truths which he has been teaching. The choice of subjects is different, and the difference is determined by the contrasted intellect of the writers. And yet the upshot of it all is the same. Congregationalists and Presbyterians are well agreed, only with much ingenuity could they pick a quarrel. In some respects Dr. Dale is more Presbyterian than Dr. Watson; in others Dr. Watson is more Congregationalist than Dr. Dale. Dr. Watson is less hierarchical than the Congregationalist. He has an equal love for the Holy Catholic church, but is far less disposed to find that church in Romanism. Dr. Dale might easily have been a bishop; Dr. Watson would



chafe at the position when gained, and find the road thither intolerable. And in the writing of the two books the contrast is very suggestive. Dr. Dale is more convincing; Dr. Watson is more captivating. Dr. Dale gives the impression that he has reasoned it all out in the study, Dr. Watson that he found it all on the braes and by the burns, when the mists were lifting and the sun was glinting on some dear and quaint and loving and suffering human beings. One is left with the feeling that if one were to cross-question Dr. Dale he would harden in his opinion; but if one were to cross-question Dr. Watson, he would smile and propose a walk across the moors, or a talk with some busy citizen or toiling artisan, whose practice might test what had been advanced in theory."

### Paving the Way.

Members of the ministerial profession do not lack for amusing experiences. One such is related by the *Youth's Companion*!

A city minister had arranged, early in the day, to officiate at a very quiet home wedding that same evening. At the hour agreed upon he went to the house, which was quite a distance from his own, and rang the bell. A maid opened the door, and he walked in, saying: "I believe I am expected here this evening. Will you kindly say to the family that I am here?"

He then pushed aside a portiere hanging between the hall and the parlor, and found himself in the presence of a somewhat embarrassed young couple sitting on a sofa in a half-lighted room.

"Good evening," said the minister, blandly. "I am on time, I believe. Eight o'clock, I think, was the hour set for the ceremony."

"Ceremony?" said the young man. "What ceremony?"

"Why, the marriage ceremony to be sure. Are you not the young couple who are to be united in the bonds of matrimony this evening?"

To the amazement of the minister, the young lady uttered a shriek and fled from the room, while the young man turned scarlet.

"Have I made a mistake?" asked the embarrassed parson, as he hastily drew forth his note book. "No," he added, "I was to come to Number 236 this street, and"—

"But this is Number 237," interrupted the young man. "Number 236 is across the street."

"Oh, I beg your pardon! I beg your pardon a thousand times," exclaimed the minister, as he retreated hastily.

He lingered on the doorstep to add to the profuse apologies he had already made to the young man, who had followed him to the door,

and it was something of a relief to have the young man say, frankly and half-confidently.

"It is all right, parson. I was just racking my brain to think of something to kind of open up the way for me to ask that young lady a question that will lead up to a wedding in this house, soon, if it is answered the way I hope it will be, and you have helped me out wonderfully. It will be as easy as rolling off a log to say what I want to say now. I am much obliged to you."

The Interior has the following good words on newspaper correspondents: "There ought to be some satisfaction in the fact that while America cannot produce a diplomat or a soldier it can grow a whole crop of press correspondents who are omniscient and infallible. But Mr. John F. Bass, who telegraphs his decision upon all the aspects and issues of the war in China to the press of Chicago, 'takes the cake.' He solemnly finds Minister Conger incompetent, the missionaries a lot of heartless wretches and the generals commanding the expedition to Peking little better than idiots. 'The American staff' was weak; the quartermaster's department chaotic; Colonel Daggett ordered a charge which proved a massacre, and General Chaffee a retreat after his men were inside the wall and the city taken. Well, well! There is some satisfaction in noting that Mr. Bass wires his judgments from San Francisco. A man who knows as much as he ought not to be permitted out of the country even over night."

So much litter and dust are left behind on London Bridge by the tramp over it of 200,000 pedestrians and the rattle over it of 20,000 vehicles daily, that three or four carts are required to carry off the fine debris from leather soles and iron tires. By the incessant traffic it is said twenty-five cubic yards of granite are each year reduced to powder. This affords a striking illustration of the wear and tear, the attrition and grind, incident to human life in general.

The statistics gathered in this country in 1900 show that since 1890 the consumption per capita of distilled spirits has decreased from 1.42 gallons to 1.10. There is encouragement in this for temperance workers and for all who seek to rid the world of evil. Intemperance is a great root of evil. From it spring a long list of things that curse the world.

It is worthy of note in this closing month of the nineteenth century that during the last ten years wages have increased between three and four per cent and that the cost of leading articles of consumption has decreased on an average at least ten per cent.



## Religious Loss Through Isolation.

BY CHAS. R. BROWN.

"But Thomas, one of the twelve, was not with them when Jesus came."—John 20-24.

We do not know where Thomas was. He may have been doing something entirely innocent. He may have gone upon an errand of real value. But when the other disciples assembled on that first day of the week, Thomas was not there.

He did not know what was to occur, nor did they. It turned out that while they were together, their risen Lord appeared and stood in the midst. He spoke to their troubled hearts and said, "Peace be unto you." He breathed on them the breath of a new life, saying "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." He opened before them a prospect of duty and privilege that fairly lifted them off their feet. He said they were the forerunners of a movement that would go into all the world and teach all nations and baptize them with fresh moral power from on high. It was a momentous occasion! They never forgot it as long as they lived. They walked in the strength of it forty days and forty nights, until another mighty experience was added. And the sad fact for Thomas was that "he was not with them when Jesus came."

He was naturally despondent and the loss he suffered by this absence deepened his melancholy. When he heard of what had taken place, he made the gloomiest of all his gloomy remarks: "Except I put my fingers into the print of the nails in his hands I will not believe." When a man lays the emphasis upon the religious appeal that may be made to his fingers, rather than upon that made to mind and heart, he is in a sad way. It was a weak utterance which he regretted afterward. The compassion of Christ, however, found him on that low plane and brought him up to where his heart once more spoke out in trust. But the account implies that Thomas had sustained a definite loss through his isolation from his fellows.

The best religious life is social. "Where two or three are gathered together in my name there am I in the midst." Even where necessity makes the number small, the promise it to concerted effort. With a single exception, the risen Christ never appeared to a lonely individual, and that exception is explained by the circumstances. He heralded himself to two men as they walked to Emmaus talking of the redemption of Israel; to seven men as they fished together on the sea of Galilee; to ten men as they gathered in an upper room at the evening hour; to five hundred brethren at once as they assembled on the mountain

side. The divine manifestations are made to and through men as they put forth social efforts to realize the presence of God and to enjoy his help. Thomas was not with them when Jesus came, and he lost something. Many persons are off alone, out of touch, out of sympathy, unorganized and unrelated, and they fail to share in the joy of the revelations made to the members of the body of Christ who stand together. Isolation involves loss.

The man who thinks of his religion as being a straight up and down, perpendicular affair between his own soul and God is unscriptural. The true religious figure is a triangle. A right relation between my soul and God, a relation of reverence, obedience, trust and love; a right relation between myself and my fellow man, a relation of fellowship and usefulness; a right relation between that fellow man and God—there you have three sides. Our lives are linked by all the ties of human society, domestic, industrial, social, educational, political—these are the bases of triangles innumerable. The feelings of aspiration and dependence, of responsibility and fellowship binding the hearts of the children to the heart of the Father, these furnish the sides for the stately figure of religion. All these lines of relationship melt and blend into a solid figure whose base is as broad as the life of the race, and whose apex is in the throne of God. To be thus organized in this total life, is to know the meaning and power of religion.

Men are perpetually forgetting that. The individual, shy and reserved about his religion as about no other interest, goes off alone to have his own beliefs, notions and feelings, his own little mess of bread and wine apart from any general table. He falls of necessity into narrowness and error. "The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself: 'God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are. I fast twice in the week. I give tithes of all that I possess.' I, I, I, I! It was all 'with himself.'" The poor publican, there in the temple with him, did not come into the prayer at all except for a kick. Here was religion in complete isolation.

Then hear what Christ says! "Make your religion social." "Make your prayer an exercise in mutual helpfulness." "When you pray, say, *Our* Father who art in heaven. Forgive say: "*Our* Father who art in heaven. Forgive us this day *our* daily bread. Lead us out of temptation and deliver us from evil." You see the difference! The capital I is displaced to make room for the word "*our*." The selfish Pharisee was not with them, when Jesus taught men to pray "after this manner."

Young people sometimes suffer loss through unwholesome isolation. They reach



the time of intellectual and spiritual unrest, of questioning and overturning. For all inquiring and aspiring natures, this is inevitable as are the physical changes through which boys and girls must pass on their way to manhood and womanhood. The boy receives his first religious beliefs traditionally; he is told that certain statements of belief are true. They are usually true in part, for religious knowledge grows from age to age, as historical and scientific and other forms of knowledge grow. But the time comes when he can no longer live on what is handed to him. The mother dresses her baby at first, putting on clothing of her own choosing and providing; the baby has no voice nor responsibility in the matter. But as the child grows he must learn to dress himself. Still later he must learn to choose his clothes and then to pay for them. The same is true as to religious beliefs with which we shall clothe our minds and hearts. Adults must learn to dress themselves, to decide upon their beliefs, and by their own thinking and struggling to pay for them. In this way religion becomes personal and real.

There is a loss where the young person isolates himself at this period. He will be helped by knowing how maturer minds once climbed the fences, crossed the foot logs and made their way out into the open. The sad fact is that ministers, teachers and parents have sometimes branded doubt as a wicked, disgraceful thing. This naturally discouraged frankness and the questioning youth felt that he was a kind of black sheep. He stopped taking communion, because of his doubt. He ceased his Bible reading. He gave up prayer. He cut himself off from instruction and fellowship with maturer Christians. This isolation drove him farther into religious melancholy or unbelief or indifference. Like Thomas, he was no longer with the other disciples when Jesus, who is the light of the world, as well as the Lamb of God, came to bring clearness out of confusion. Continuance in Christian fellowship, frank conference with those whose business it is to study life on its religious side, a deeper acquaintance with suggestive books and with the Book of Books, would have saved many young people from spiritual shipwreck. The life died out because they closed in upon themselves. It could not survive the isolation.

Older people suffer in the same way. We hear more about the doubts of the university students, but get in under the grey hairs and you find questioning about prayer, about God's providence and His goodness, about the meaning of atonement. Mature people talk less of their doubts and perhaps for that reason think more. A serious person finding himself involved in intellectual difficulties, sometimes

absents himself from communion, cuts himself off from religious activity and fellowship, slackens his spiritual effort. In the face of his questionings he says: "I must be a Unitarian. Or perhaps I am not a Christian at all, but an infidel or a theosophist or something away off." I have had men announce themselves as "unbelievers." And what is it you do not believe? When the doubts are brought out, they were not in any wise startling. They often did not touch the gist of the matter. The essentials, the bread and meat and wine of religious life were all in place holding their full strength of helpfulness. If the troubled believer could have kept himself in the fellowship of a living church, under wise, systematic instruction, in the maintenance of religious habits and in the doing of God's will as the best means of knowing doctrine, the richer and more vital faith would have surely come.

There are acres of people outside who think they have rejected Christianity. They do not even know what the vital Christianity of our time is. They say they cannot accept the teaching of the churches, and when they try to state what it is they cannot accept, you see that, like Thomas, they were not there when Christ came bringing modern evangelical faith up to where it is to-day. Men have described orthodox Christianity to me and their recital was funny, and as much of a caricature as the pictures of McKinley and Roosevelt that appear day after day in "The Examiner."

The agitation over the Westminster Confession has directed attention to the teaching of the Presbyterian church. We see many intellectual flourishes in print that are amusing if not instructive. There are benighted individuals who actually suppose that the Presbyterian church is teaching from her pulpits to-day the damnation of infants; the literal lake of fire in hell; the bargain and sale theory of the atonement, so much suffering to purchase an equivalent of mercy; the verbal inspiration of the scriptures, identifying every statement in the Old Testament with the absolute word of God; the naming of the Pope as Anti-Christ. If all these belated people had been hearing Dr. Coyle preach yonder in the First Presbyterian church for the last nine years they would have known better than that. The trouble is they were not there when the Holy Spirit came guiding us into the more reasonable, practical, helpful understanding of the great truths of the Gospel.

The whole way of thinking about religion has changed within the last fifty years. The intellectual atmosphere now is one of perfect freedom. There is a deep, strong conviction as to the unity and continuity of nature. There is a wide, warm social sympathy.



There is a resolute, unflinching honesty with historical and scientific facts. There is a spirit of fearless and practical common sense. Religion can live and thrive in this atmosphere. There is nothing of the bat or owl about it. It has no fear of daylight. It may be that some of the former interpretations of religion will have to be altered. It may be that the emphasis will be differently placed. The orthodoxy of any age lies in the application of the mind of Christ to the needs and problems of that age. It is important that all those who believe that religion, with all its precious inheritance of past usefulness, has still something fresh and helpful to say to each generation of men, should be in its larger fellowship evenly, constantly and vitally when Christ comes bringing those readjustments that make his Gospel forever old and forever new.

We are asked if one cannot be a good Christian outside the church. If by being a Christian you mean avoiding the immoralities and practicing some Christian virtues, he can. If you mean entering into the full experience of usefulness, hopefulness and joy in Christian life, he cannot. Avoiding immorality is not Christian life any more than the avoidance of smallpox and cholera is radiant, joyous health. The religious man outside the church lacks the power of leading and inspiring others, his children and his friends. He feels the anomaly of his own position in a way that prevents him from urging the claims of Christian faith with proper heartiness. The higher usefulness for the individual can only be gained through organized fellowship.

Furthermore there is an inner loss. Even when we are not consciously seeking and claiming spiritual values, we gain something by judiciously exposing ourselves to their power. There are places where the religious forces are in the air. To be there is to put yourself in their way. The church, the Bible, the fellowship of earnest Christians, the habitual attitude of worship offer such opportunity. Health, happiness and many other goods are gained chiefly by indirection. We are not immediately seeking them, but we put ourselves in lines where they are to be found and then they come of themselves. The benefits of religion, many of them, come to us simply because we are with the disciples when Jesus comes to bless.

Zaccheus, a publican and a sinner, a cheating tax gatherer and close-fisted old fellow, heard that Christ was coming to Jericho. He resolved to see him, not to gain salvation, nor to find influences that would bring him to repentance nor even to invite the Master to dinner. His motives were of another sort. But there he was clinging to the branches of

a sycamore tree when Christ made his way through the crowd that lined the street! You know what occurred. Christ saw him and arranged to dine at his house. Before the meal ended, He had brought the publican to see life in a new way. Zaccheus was sorry for his wrong doing and offered to make four-fold restitution. He announced a general plan for benevolence he had formed in his mind. Jesus went away saying, "This man is the son of Abraham; salvation has come to his house." That joyous result would not have been reached if Zaccheus had not been there when Jesus came. He put himself in the way and Jesus brought about the result.

"The earth bringeth forth fruit of herself," when once the seed is sown. There is an automatic response. You may not see just how you can gain the joys of religious life. You can take your mind and heart and place them where the seed is falling. You may open them hospitably so the seed can enter, if it falls your way. And if a vital germ of divine truth lodges in that good soil of a waiting heart, there will be a response; the heart will bring forth "of itself."

The aim of all this organized effort is to bring about a vital union between the human soul and God. Some men find it hard to picture that relation or to accept it as a fact of experience. Archdeacon Wilson used an illustration once that helped me. You believe in the law of gravitation, he said. You believe that matter is endowed with the astonishing power of attracting other matter, at any distance, by a practically instantaneous transmission of force, through empty space or through other masses of matter. The earth pulls the apple to the ground; it pulls the moon and pulls the stars. The moon draws the water of the ocean around after it, making the resistless tides. How is it done? By a force that no man hath seen at any time nor can see. You believe confidently in that all-pervading, ceaseless, instantaneous and invisible force. You see its results when the apple falls and scientific men tell you that your belief is confirmed by the motion of the planets and even by the flashing meteor and the wandering comet.

The fundamental claim in Christ's religion is that there may be a thrill of spiritual sympathy between the human soul and God, powerful, instantaneous, invisible. The claim has been verified in the experiences of millions of right-minded, pure-hearted believers. The moral fruits of this spiritual union are as plain as the fall of the apple. This claim is no more incredible, no more to be waived aside as an idle fancy, than is our belief in that mysterious union of earth and sun and stars by the thrill we call physical. The religious claim



may be put to the proof by personal experiment. Every soul by casting behind him what he regards as wrong, by opening his nature hospitably to all that religion has to offer, by the upward look of faith, may receive this thrill of spiritual sympathy which binds the soul of the child to the Heavenly Father in an unending fellowship.

### Sketches from a Trip to New England.

BY D. GILBERT DEXTER.

For many years we have been longing to cross the continent again and see the friends on the Atlantic side. The time came in the midst of the recent Presidential campaign that it seemed best to go, and there was a relief to be away from the turmoil and strife incident to a political campaign. It was our fortune, as far as Kansas, to have our section in the Pullman next to that of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Towne. Naturally, much conversation was had over political affairs. No one who knows Mr. Towne will for a moment doubt his sincerity and honesty, differ as you may. What seemed to engross his mind most was the little regard that some of the leaders and old-time friends, opposing Mr. Bryan, had for an ancient document known as "The Declaration of Independence"—or even the declarations and doctrines of Abraham Lincoln. He felt such a position was dangerous, even allowing the leaders to be sincere and honest. It is well to have much charity towards those who may differ with us—do not forget. From Kansas on to Boston the roar and tumult of political battle was heard, but we did not permit it to disturb our journey out or on the return trip home. It was the most peaceful campaign that it has been our fortune to pass through. "We let the other fellows do the worry act."

After the lapse of thirteen years again in New England! Many changes, but none so painful as that of absent friends. New faces everywhere, familiar forms and faces vanished. Asking for those we used to know at last became painful and inquiry ceased. Visiting the church where we once belonged and where we knew everybody (so to speak), and where everybody knew us, almost all were strangers to us—perhaps a dozen we had known. We were really strangers in "the old home." What a lonesome feeling comes over one under such circumstances. The absence of old friends was the only unpleasant feature of the visit.

Among the pleasant incidents was one relating to work in the Sunday-school. Having had charge of a large Bible class, composed of both ladies and gentlemen, holding different views in doctrine, including many skeptics, even to those not believing in the Bible at all,

there was one man, a banker, who was desirous of finding the truth through inquiry and discussion. His questions and comments often angered some of "the Old School" friends, who had little if any patience with him. This man would often linger to talk after the session was over, and sometimes during the week in meeting him would ask questions of vital interest. We tried to explain as best we could all the questions asked, kindly and patiently. He became a changed man, but did not connect himself with the church during our connection with the class.

In visiting Cambridge we remembered him and called at the bank to take him by the hand. He came instantly to meet us and after a few words of congratulation, with much feeling, said: "You are the best friend I ever had; you were patient with me when others had no patience with me when I was trying to reach the truth; you saved me from becoming a wreck spiritually—God bless you."

It does pay to be patient with those who seek to know the truth and sometimes ask questions that seem out of place to those who are grounded in the faith. We are not always as patient with those who differ with us in belief as we should be, but this incident teaches us to be more so.

The dear old North Avenue church, Cambridge, looks just as it used to on the exterior, but the interior has been changed throughout. What a grand history, commingled with a sad history, this church has had. Again prosperity seems to have come to this devoted people, and unity of spirit fills the sanctuary. We shall not soon forget the cordial reception given in church and Sunday-school. The words of the pastor, superintendent and Bible class teacher will not be forgotten. We were reminded of the fact that one year thirteen members of the Bible class united with the church on confession. What a grand record for a year.

Shepard church, Rev. Alex. McKenzie, D.D., pastor, has not changed in its architecture, although its congregation has materially changed. Its pastor is esteemed, and rightfully, too, as the most eminent pulpit orator in New England. The congregation has much wealth and its nearness to Harvard adds to its prestige as a place of worship for aristocracy and culture. It has one feature which is worthy of note and criticism—there are no ushers to receive strangers and show them to seats.

Autumn days in grand old Lexington are simply beyond expression in grandeur. Such beautiful trees clothed in all the changing tints of the season, of which a native of the Golden State knows nothing until he has been to see. The forests and trees of New England in autumn are a sight worth the seeing, even if you



travel thousands of miles to behold them. The historic interest centered in this old town of Lexington brings "pilgrims and strangers" from afar, increasingly so from year to year. Her citizens take pride in pointing out the places of interest which are involved in the first battle of the Revolutionary War, when the British red-coats fled in dismay before the musketry of farmers.

Visiting the places of revolutionary and historic interest in Boston, Charleston, Cambridge and Lexington, we tried to go back to the early days, and, if we might, catch the inspiration of the fathers in their great and noble struggle for liberty. What would they say about other struggling peoples desiring liberty and a government of their own? What would they say about expansion at the cost of so much blood and treasure? The present-day manipulator of modern thought would say, "Don't consult the old fogies of our grandfathers' day; we have progressed; their ideas are not worthy of being classed with our ideas."

A trip through rural New England reveals the fact that a large foreign population has come and is coming in to take up the deserted farms once occupied by thrifty farmers of the Puritan type. As a consequence, Congregationalism is decreasing in numbers and many struggling churches must soon cease to exist. Some years ago the Vermont legislature passed a liberal law inviting settlers to come and occupy the deserted farms. In consequence, a large French Canadian population has come in to settle and become citizens. Twenty-five years has wrought a wonderful change in the complexion of the population in New England.

Noting the decrease in farm values one instance will illustrate many. One of the best farms in Southern Vermont, from which came a handsome income each year, valued fifty years ago at \$7,000—and probably worth the money—was recently sold for \$550, and considered well sold at that. The watchword, "Go West, young man," has been largely the cause for decay in the farming interests of the Eastern States. It is not hard to determine what the outcome will be in the future—the homes of the children of the Puritans will not be confined to the East, but become scattered over the broad land, and bring health-giving influences wherever they may be found.

One day while in Lexington a foot-ball game took place. We did not witness the game but we did have a view of the mutilated mugs and forms of some of the participants, and at the risk of having sharp raps (words) visited upon us, gave our opinion of the brutal modern-day game. We said then, as we say now, that the game should not receive the sanction of universities and schools, but should

be forbidden until it can be conducted on more humane and civilized lines. Higher education, indeed! As an educated Mexican friend said, "You Americans should cease railing at our bull-fights so long as you maintain and uphold such brutal human fights as displayed on the foot-ball fields." He is quite right. Think of it—a college president lauding his foot-ball team by saying, "he was proud of their heroic conduct." But then he is a modern-day educator.

### The Situation in India.

BY JUSTIN E. ABBOTT.

Ever since the famine began last year the Government of India has published weekly reports of the condition of the country, the number of relief works, the number in the various famine poor-houses, and the number receiving gratuitous relief in other ways. With the advent of the monsoon the weekly reports have recorded the amount of rain fallen in every district, and the condition of the crops, the fodder for cattle, and the price of food grains. The report for the last week in October gives conditions as they are at the close of the monsoon. For the greater part of India the rains have been favorable, but where it was needed the most a great disappointment has been felt. All through the famine area the early rains were plentiful, and the crops had a magnificent start in soil that had lain fallow for a year. High hopes were raised that there would be a speedy return to prosperity, but unfortunately over most of the famine area the rains ceased too soon, and the yield of the autumn crop has fallen far below expectation. The rain for the spring crop has very generally failed in the famine area, and the growing crops are withering. On the whole, therefore, the conditions in the famine area are not as bright as was hoped they would be. A great deal of suffering must continue for another year, although by no means with the intensity of the year that has passed. The Government has been able to close most of their relief works and send the people back to their villages, where in connection with the work on the fields the people have become able to care for themselves. There are likely to be local famines in the Sholapur and Ahmednagar districts, where the work of the American Board lies. Some parts of Guzerat will be in great want, but the Government will be able to cope with the present condition. While there is no probability of any earnest appeals for further help being necessary, it should be known that missionaries will be very grateful for the means of helping a very large number who will not be properly back on their feet again. There



will be no lack of food in India, for elsewhere the crops are excellent. It is the inability to purchase food that is the great difficulty of many millions still.

The estimated number of famine children for whom missionaries have become responsible is 25,000. Accurate statistics are in process of being gathered, but in any case the total number will not be far from the figure just given. The problem of their support will be no easy one. The great majority of them have been saved from death only by the most careful and loving nursing. Their helpless condition makes it absolutely impossible to send them away. It requires a brave heart and strong faith to go on with confidence that these many mouths will be fed, and the right training be placed for their use. But the Christian world will stand by their missionaries in this noble work; of that there can be no doubt. And one cannot think of a work more pleasing to the Master in whose name this work has been undertaken.

The industrial training of the many thousands of famine children has now become a very prominent question. Many of these children may turn out bright boys and girls, able to receive high order of education, but the best instruction for the greater majority is felt to be some industry which may make them quickly self-supporting, and develop resources of the land other than agricultural, or if agriculture then better method of making the soil yield its increase. It may perhaps not be appreciated as it ought that Europe and America owe a debt to India. It is very largely the machinery of the west which has flooded India with manufactured goods at a cheaper rate than the hand laborer of India can compete with. Two things must therefore follow. The machinery for hand labor must be improved so as to make competition possible, and secondly new industries must be discovered. Until this is done the great output of western machinery makes all industrial efforts in India very difficult. The philanthropic of Europe and America may well therefore be generous to India in helping efforts that look to improvement in the industrial life of the people through the children in the hands of the missionaries.

In the famine of 1897 the Hindu press was very bitter against missionaries getting hold of the famine children. The cry then was "save them from the missionaries!" and funds were raised and small orphanages were started for this purpose. That cry has not been heard in this famine. On the contrary what missionaries have done is receiving very kindly reference. The Indian Spectator, the leading Parsee organ, declares that the sympathy and intelligence with which missionaries entered

into the work of famine relief has been a revelation to them all. The assistance from America is again and again referred to with grateful mention.

Masagon, Bombay, Nov. 2d.

### Rev. William Henry Tubb.

Mr. Tubb, whose death at Honolulu last month has been reported, was until recently pastor of Bethlehem church in this city. He was born in London, England, April, 1837. He was the son of William J. and Jane (King) Tubb. He was educated in the district schools and in a supplemental way by his father, who was a retired teacher.

Coming to this country in his early manhood, he went to Missouri. He came under the care of the Cumberland Presbyterian church, as a candidate for the ministry, in 1861, and was ordained at Crooked Creek church, Crawford County, Missouri, August 14, 1863. Organized and served Bethany (Cumberland Pres.) church at Gravois Coal mines near St. Louis, 1862-6. Meanwhile, in 1864, was appointed general missionary by St. Louis Presbytery, and during eighteen months organized several churches and received 231 members into the church. This period he regarded as the "Golden Era" of his ministry. Was pastor at Potosi, Mo., 1866-71. Came to California in 1871.

Organized two Presbyterian churches, of which he became pastor. He became connected with the Congregational denomination in 1883, having been pastor at Byron and Bethany 1883-89, preaching also at Stewartsville and Eden Plain. Pastor at San Francisco, Bethlehem church, '91-99.

During his pastorate in San Francisco he gave much time to Christian work in the county jail. He has also been active in many departments of Christian work other than the ministry, having been, both in Missouri and in California, State Deputy of the Good Templars and Grand Chaplain of the order in this State. In 1864-65 he was a member of the U. S. Christian Commission. He has been a Colporteur of the American Tract Society, business manager of the "Pacific Observer," and in former years wrote much for the press, and while pastor in Contra Costa county devoted part of his time to a Gospel Temperance Mission on First street in this city.

In 1899 he removed from San Francisco to Honolulu, where he died November, 1900, aged 63 years, 7 months, 24 days. He married in Missouri Mary Martha, daughter of Henry and Adeline Kroch, January 13, 1859. She died a few years since. They have had twelve children of whom eight survive.

H. E. J.



## The Sunday-School.

By Rev. F. B. Perkins.

### A Notable Convert. (Luke xix: 1-10.)

Lesson XI, December, 16, 1900.

#### ZACCHEUS.

Our very names, as an old writer suggests, should mind us of our duty—to maintain their honor unimpaired, or to redeem them from merited disrepute. Jewish names especially carried this obligation. Names were things, with them. Zaccheus, e. g., was a constant arraignment of the man who bore it. Its signification, "the righteous one," brought into sharpest contrast the repute in which this chief publican was held. He was a Jew, who had taken office under the Roman government, as a customs or tax collector. That in itself, in Jewish esteem, was bad enough, being regarded as little less than treason; but in addition, he was known, or suspected, to be using his office for purposes of extortion and personal aggrandizement. That phrase, "a chief publican, and rich," was to them the equivalent of "money shark" or gambler, or saloon-keeper.

The people could not protect themselves from his extortions, but they could and they did repay these with scorn and hatred. They could ostracise him socially, and shut him up in his elegant mansion as in a gilded cell. There was not a lonelier or more friendless man in Jericho than Zaccheus.

#### THE MEETING OF ZACCHEUS AND JESUS.

Zaccheus had heard of Jesus; all the country around His fame had spread; notably since his recent restoration of Lazarus to life. But apparently they never met in person up to this time. When, therefore, the runner spread that Jesus was actually in and passing through the city, Zaccheus determined to see Him. It was not easy for him to do this, for Jesus was surrounded by a dense throng (and Zaccheus was little of stature. The crowd, moreover, would not be disposed to make way for this hated publican. But Zaccheus was a man of resources, and so running forward to where a great sycamore tree overhung the way, he established himself in its branches.

What was his motive? Curiosity, doubtless, to see Jesus, "who He was." But mingled with this there were probably other and deeper motives; an impulse, perhaps, like that which often brings churchless men to a gospel service. God was guiding him though he knew it not.

"When Jesus came to the place He looked up." The statement is significant. It implies that the action of Zaccheus had been observed. There were other trees along the road and each of one, not improbably, held an eager spectator. But this was a case by itself.

Something in the action of this man, his dress, or energy, or general bearing, had arrested those eyes always on the lookout for needy souls. And when, beneath that tree, the upturned face of the Master met the earnest gaze of that publican, each heart responded to the other. Zaccheus had need of Him, and immediately the plan of Jesus was changed. He would not leave Jericho that day, in haste though He were to reach Jerusalem. He would see more of this man. And so with tactful courtesy He invites Himself to become the guest of this social outcast and he, with joyful haste, bids Him welcome.

It was a brave as well as a gracious act on the part of Jesus; how brave can only be suggested by imagining the President of the United States as turning aside to tarry with the most unpopular man in the community. (Oaklanders may recall what they considered President Harrison's slight to their city.) This was no case of a blind beggar, healed and sent away. It was the hated tax collector, whose hospitality Jesus preferred to their own. So they muttered angrily. But little cared the great Physician. Heaven was better than the homes of Jericho, and He who, for just such sin-sick souls as this had left the one, was not likely to be diverted from His work by any of their attractions.

#### THE CONVERSION

What passed between those two at that memorable repast can only be conjectured. This much, however, is recorded; that, before its close, Zaccheus, the shrewd, hard, avaricious tax collector, stood forth, and, with intense emotion, made confession of past delinquencies and avowed his purpose of full restitution and reformation.

We can hardly overestimate the completeness of this self-renunciation. Before an easier test the young ruler had faltered. Nor do we read of any one whose conversion involved more of a moral revolution. He was facing down his own evil and disreputable past, confessing its shame, repudiating its methods and cutting himself off from all connection with it. He was doing this publicly, before those who hated him, distrusted him, and were ready to impute to him all manner of unworthy motives, and to make his social rehabilitation as difficult as possible. It was grandly done, and Jesus appreciated its heroism. With the enthusiasm of a kindred spirit, He protested: "This day is salvation come to this house"; for this discredited publican has proved himself a true son of the father of the faithful, animated by the same spirit and entitled to a like reward.

#### THE POWER WHICH AVailed.

It was not denunciation of Zaccheus' sins, though these were many, and were doubtless



dealt with faithfully; but it was the bringing in of a better hope to that convicted sinner which effected the transformation. It was the same force which afterwards brought back Peter to his forsaken allegiance. It was the loving confidence of Jesus which wrought in Zaccheus the faith which worked by love to purify his heart and reform his life. Other mouths were quick to condemn the unscrupulous publican; Jesus trusted him, showed him how beautiful a thing is godliness, held before him the possibilities of recovery, treated him as a brother, gave him something to do, and so won him back to a place in the family of God.

#### A REVELATION OF CHRIST.

"The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which is lost." That is His own interpretation of the incident, His own justification of His course. It is the open secret of His earthly life. What drew Him to men was their manhood. For the distinctions of which society makes so much He cared less than nothing. Rich or poor, noble or base-born, even reputable or disreputable, His love and His impulse to help went out to each alike. The soul that needed him was the soul to which He was drawn. He loved the young ruler. He loved the blind beggar. He loved the lonely publican. And in every case His love was a constraining force. It made Him quick to appreciate the need, and prompt to supply it. His brotherly kindness won their love. His confidence begat their confidence in themselves. His devotion kindled theirs and so He saved them.

#### THE LESSON FOR EVERY SON OF MAN.

For ministers, for teachers, for Christian laborers in every sphere, the story is full of inspiration. The interesting cases do not belong to any one class or station in life, to the exclusion of others. There are lonely hearts; there is distress and grief in palaces as often, perhaps, and sometimes more hopeless, than in hovels. There are yearnings after a better life in those outwardly prosperous as truly as in the unsuccessful, outside the church and organized Christianity, as well as among regular attendants. And the grace of the Lord Jesus needs to be carried to the godless rich and educated as well as to gutter-snipes and criminals. They are, indeed, distinctively the neglected classes of the present day. And what we need that we may reach them is precisely what Jesus bore to Zaccheus—an all-embracing love, quickness to mark openings for service, confidence in Christ's power to save, and words of cheer—that is all.

#### A MESSAGE OF HOPE

It comes out of this narrative to every one who seems to be debarred from the kingdom

of God; to whom there is a past which will not bear inspection; whose habits seem so fixed in the ways of sin that they cannot be broken; and whose associations are such as to beat back every struggling effort to arise. "Zaccheus, come down." Take the Lord with you as your guest. Company with Him today. Listen to His gracious words. Come under the spell of His winsome goodness. Let His loving heart touch yours, His hopefulness inspire you with an answering hope, His trust put strength into your better purposes, and so enter into life.

### Christian Endeavor Service.

By Rev. J. H. Goodell.

#### Confessing Christ. (Matt. x: 32-39.)

Topic for December 16th.

(Meeting Led by the Pastor.)

This will be a difficult meeting in which to make any strong impression because of two reasons. One is that this subject has been repeated so often that the attention is not easily held; the other is that members of the church are inclined to confine this confession to those who have not yet joined their company. Confessing Christ is one of those phrases which it is easy to catch, and to repeat so often and so carelessly that they soon lose their hold upon the thought. No matter how intrinsically valuable an idea may be, there is little use in presenting it unless we can make it suggestive. The mind of the present day is restive and impatient of repetition. Often the untrue secures adherence merely because it is new. So the Christian has a very important task in keeping to the true and retaining its freshness.

\* \* \*

This passage ought never to be separated from the occasion of its utterance. It receives its present-day significance from the event with which it is connected. This tenth chapter of Matthew records one of the most historic acts of our Lord. The apostles had three distinctive calls from Jesus Christ. They were first called to become his adherents. Then they were called to become his disciples, or followers. At this time they were called to become his official representatives. Mark, with his usual attention to details, gives the more formal aspect of this transaction, and adds such particulars as to deepen the solemnity of the occasion. (See Mark 3: 13-19.) The Scripture we have to consider is a part of our Lord's address in giving instructions to these newly appointed apostles; and Matthew closes the account by referring to what took place "when Jesus had made an end of commanding his disciples." (Chap. II: 1.)

\* \* \*

Read this entire address carefully. Note



with what pains he presents to them the picture of the life into which they were being inducted. It was to be both laborious and dangerous. They were to be opposed and persecuted. But in all that they might experience they would only be following in the path already trodden by their Master; and they would be directed and cared for to the end. In the midst of all this, it would sometimes be far easier to be silent about him and his truth. Often they might be tempted to deny him, as Peter afterwards did. But that would not do. It was essential to the work to which they were called that, under all circumstances, in spite of what it might cost them of hardship and suffering, they confess him in the presence of friend and foe, alike. It is plain that this confessing of Christ was vital both to their own future and to their value in the work to which they had been set apart.

\* \* \*

It is very evident from this that confession of Jesus Christ does not refer particularly to publicly uniting with the church. This is one way of confessing Christ "before men." But the meaning is far more comprehensive than that one act. It is to live such an open life for him that it will carry its own testimony, that the will which moves us in all our tastes, all our ambitions and all our pleasures, is the will of our Master. It is not that we are to *pose* as Christians on certain select and formal occasions. Altogether too much has been made of our giving our testimony for Christ in our religious meetings. It is out of doors where we meet the unsympathetic world that our confession of Jesus Christ is needed and required. It is before friends who ridicule us, and people who repudiate the Christian work we try to do, and the enemies of God who say stinging things about us, that we are to be loyal to Jesus Christ. It is there where our confession counts; it is under such circumstances that the power of the gospel is felt by the world.

\* \* \*

So important is such confession of Christ, that even the love of our dearest friends is not so binding. The two great influences which are apt to interfere with our loyalty to Christ and our service for him are our fears and our human attachments. It makes us bleed sometimes to cross the love of some friend with a duty to our Savior, but that is just the occasion when a loving fidelity to our Lord will emphasize the truth he would have us teach. The fear of some social loss or some demand upon our time and money, often pierces our very soul. But it is the emancipation from these silencing, hindering forces which is intended by this strenuous command to confess Christ before men—that is, the

men of whom, in verse 17, he had told his apostles to beware.

\* \* \*

This kind of Christian life that breathes everywhere, as in open day, its love for Christ, in its result is identified with the eternal friendship with Jesus—"him will I also confess before my Father." It is the career that finds the true life of the soul—"he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." It honors its possessor with the dignity of our Lord—"he that receiveth you receiveth me." In fact, to rise above all human love and human fear that restrain us from duty to our Lord, establishes in us the Christ-life and the Christ-power.

### Notes.

In the United States last year one passenger was killed for every 2,189,023 carried, and one injured for every 151,998 carried.

The army death rate is lower in Great Britain than in any other country. In France it is nearly six times as high.

There is always hope in a man that actually and earnestly works. In idleness alone is there perpetual despair.—Carlyle.

Emigration in Hungary has assumed unusual dimensions lately. During one month 15,591 passes were issued to emigrants.

Most of the trouble and most of the tragedy of human life come from trying to dodge the facts of life, and most of the peace which is possible to any soul comes from habitually looking experiences squarely in the face.

There is an element of infinity in the joys of the spirit, for knowledge, beauty, ideal justice, and goodness are without bounds: there is no end to the pursuit and fruition of them; and their final goal is only in the perfect God.

Most people talk about a million without realizing what it really is. An expert coin counter can count about \$3,000 in an hour. If he worked ten hours a day it would take him thirty-three and one-sixth days to finish the counting of \$1,000,000.

Nearly 8,000,000 persons in Germany are insured against illness. One-third of these reported illness in 1888, the average duration being seventeen cents, which, taking the average wages at only fifty cents a day, means a loss of over \$22,500,000 a year.

Christians will never give as they ought until they begin to keep two purses, one for their Lord's work, from the latter of which they would no more draw for their own use than they would purloin from their neighbor's pockets. —A. J. Gordon, D.D.



## Woman's Board of Missions for the Pacific.

### The Los Angeles District.

Bright and beautiful was the fifteenth of November, when the Los Angeles District of the Southern Branch met in Olivet church, Los Angeles.

The excessive heat of the previous ten days had given way to a refreshing coolness, which helped to make more cheerful the bright interior of the little edifice.

A goodly number gathered to take counsel together and to gain that inspiration that always comes from a common love and devotion.

We were fortunate in having with us two missionaries whose vivid words transported us in imagination to distant lands. The Rev. Mr. Larkin, but newly arrived on this coast, brought news from Turkey, that country which, next to China, has been the scene of the deepest tragedy of modern times.

He told us again the sad story of Turkish oppression and cruelty toward Christian converts. How, in one day, 2,500 who had taken refuge in a magnificent Gregorian church, were tortured and murdered.

One incident which came under his personal notice illustrates both the malice and the cunning of the Kurds. A young man, not a nominal Christian, proposed to enter a class in theology, and for this purpose came from his home in the country, tarrying while in the city with a friend.

The latter wrote to him an innocent note, saying, "When next you come, bring some eggs."

This communication fell into the hands of the Kurds who, by the exercise of a malignant ingenuity, slightly altered a letter in the word "eggs" so as to make it read "white," and pretended to construe this as referring to the white turbans worn by the Turks and hence, by a figure of speech, to the Turks themselves. Upon this absurd pretext he was thrust into an inner prison, where he languished for two years, and perhaps much longer without a chance to plead his cause.

The speaker dwelt upon the thousands of orphans whom we have befriended through our almoners, the missionaries, and who can not now be abandoned to roam through the country and starve from neglect. The logical sequence of events calls for a continuance of these gifts until these children can support themselves.

Miss Denton of Japan, whose earnest words have stirred the hearts of so many audiences since she has been in our midst, gave a thrilling and sympathetic account of that wonderful land and its people.

After listening to her, this writer shared in her wonder that "bachelor maids," who have chosen to break away from the traditional paths laid out for single women, and, instead of living with their married sisters or brothers, and looking after their nephews and nieces, have elected to dwell in apartments of their own—that these women, seeking a useful and honorable career, do not go to Japan where living is as cheap and pleasant as in America and train native women as teachers.

There one has but to place on the door the legend, "This is the home of a Christian teacher," and learners come gladly. It is not even necessary to learn the Japanese language. The women, besides, are longing to learn the art of cookery, that they, like American women, may be able to entertain their husband's guests; for it is a grief to them that at their banquets only the dancing women appear. There is no country where education is so valued and where a college bred man or woman has such prestige as in Japan.

Some are asked if the charge is in any wise true that education spoils the Japanese women, and to this Miss Denton responded with an emphatic denial. The Empress herself has testified to her appreciation of the value of woman's education by sending (with her own private funds) five young women to this country for a thorough training, and the life of each one has been a romance.

Every educated woman is a center of wide influence, an intelligent patriot, a powerful factor in the uplifting of the nation.

We have much to learn of the Japanese in the way of that simplicity of living so much admired by those who feel overburdened by what we call civilization, but which is simply a hindrance to it. But that external grace and beauty covers all the hideousness of heartlessness. The Japanese are eager for civilization as they conceive it, but are without moral earnestness; they have never learned to take life seriously. Civilization without Christianity is but dust and ashes.

With these solemn thoughts the session closed, the Rev. Mr. Larkin pronouncing the benediction.

### The San Bernardino Meeting.

Eight days after the Los Angeles meeting came the annual gathering of the San Bernardino district. But during those days the rains had descended, the floods came, and many were prevented from attendance.

After the helpful devotional and praise services, the present year's work of the Branch, as shown in the accompanying schedule, was spoken of. Miss Aurelia S. Harwood of North Ontario, the new Superintendent of the Young People's Department, was introduced.

and Mrs. L. P. Watson spoke of her hopes and plans for the Children's Department.

The Twentieth Century Fund was also spoken of. Much pleasure was anticipated in hearing Miss Denton at this time, which would have been her first visit to San Bernardino. Miss Denton made heroic effort to reach the meeting, but the severity of the storm at that town made it absolutely impossible.

Mrs. Chapin of Los Angeles was providentially with us, detained on this side, as Miss Denton was on the other. Her earnest words were appreciated as she gave personal touches on the condition of sister and daughter in Peking, and told of the faith that had started, without book or any kind of supply, in the most adverse surroundings, three little schools in that city.

Mrs. H. H. Daniels of Redlands, the district officer for the Branch, presided during this session, the forenoon session of the day being given up to home missions.

### **To the Young People of Southern California.**

The last Sunday of the year, the last of the century, is drawing near. Every Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor is asked to hold a special service of consecration and missionary consideration, as last year, on that last Sunday night, December 30th, giving an opportunity for a special offering to be sent through the Southern California Treasurer of Foreign Missions, Mrs. S. E. Hughes, Pasadena.

The following program is recommended: The Young People of Today the Hope of the Coming Century; What Are Our Young People Doing for Missions: (a) Through Christian Endeavor; (b) Mission Clubs; (c) Mission Study; (d) Student Volunteers; The Watchword of the Student Volunteers: "The Evangelization of the World in this Generation"—its meaning and outreach; Dr. F. E. Clark's letter to young people, "Shall China's Martyr Die in Vain" (See the Christian Endeavor World for October 18th); Offerings for the Twentieth Century Fund; Consecration for Future Service.

"Forget not all his benefits." If we do not give thanks for them, we do forget them; and that is unjust as well as unkind, since in all God's favors there is so much that is memorable.—Matthew Henry.

Gratitude is one of the evidences of the divine in us, and yet it is the divinity that is common to all God's creatures, proclaiming them all the work of the same Creator.

## **Literature of the Day.**

### **Book Notices.**

"The Prodigal's Prayer," by Rev. C. H. Scholey. Revell. 30 cents. This book is characterized by warm and tender Christian spirit.

New, illustrated editions of "The Sky Pilot" and "Black Rock" have been issued by the F. H. Revell Company of Chicago. The sale of these books is rapidly climbing up toward an hundred thousand for each. The price of the illustrated edition is \$1.25.

"The Prophets of Israel," by Herbert L. Willett. Revell. 35 cents. A manual for the study of the prophetic teachings of the Old Testament, prepared specially for young people of the "Christian" denomination, under direction of their National Convention. Like all of the work of Dr. Willett, it seems to be well done and a useful addition to the courses of study along Biblical lines.

"A Soul's Meditations." By Jean Christie Root. Without some form of meditation it is not possible for a soul to come to a clear and intimate knowledge of Jesus, nor to grow like him. The aim of this little volume is to lead souls to enter into communion with him. The Rev. Fr. Huntington writes an introduction and contributes articles on Meditation—its value and method; and evidently the "meditations" in the little volume are those of one who lived in nearness to the Father.—Bonnell, Silver & Co., New York.

"Onesimus." By Charles Edward Corwin. The scenes in this story are laid at Ephesus in those days when the apostle Paul was preaching there and elsewhere the gospel of Christ. It has for its groundwork the epistle to Philemon. We read in that epistle that Paul sent Onesimus back to his master, after he had come under his influence, much more profitable than theretofore. The story sets forth the wild career of the slave Onesimus, and pictures vividly the soul's struggle after freedom—a vain struggle until it is found in Christ. It is a wholesome one; interesting, also, and much more worthy of commendation than some of the fiction that has recently drawn many readers.—F. H. Revell Co., Chicago; pages, 332, \$1.25.

"The Kinkaid Venture," by Kate W. Hamilton. A sprightly, sensible and interesting story, which relates how an orphaned family made a home in the West. Ways and means had largely to be invented, but the needed energy and ingenuity were ready for every emergency. They had trials and temptations, and they made some mistakes, but their health of mind and heart, and their determination and faith united to bring them out right. Espe-



cially winsome are the sweet-spirited homemaker Christy and the reliable Dean; but not a member of the family fails to win the interest and affection of the reader. Some not immediately connected with the family are winsome and interesting, too. There is Tonita, the Indian girl, and the brave home missionary pastor and his even braver invalid wife. The incidents of the story are as interesting as the people, some of them being really thrilling without having any tendency to cheap excitement. The book is one of the best juveniles of the year.—Pilgrim Press, Boston and Chicago; \$1.25.

"Three Years with the Children." By Amos R. Wells. This is *par excellence* the book for pastors, for primary Sunday-school teachers and superintendents of Junior Endeavor Societies, who desire such suggestions as will enable them to talk interestingly and helpfully to the young under their charge. It will be found a great aid also to parents in their attempts to teach spiritual truths to the children at home. There is splendid material here for many a profitable Sunday afternoon. Fortunate and blessed the child whose father or mother will sit down with it and this book every Sunday afternoon during the year 1901. This would give three studies each afternoon; but only one is intended, and with amplification this is quite sufficient. But let not this remark about the value of the book for home use lead away from that for which it was especially intended—for the teacher of the young in church and Sunday-school and C. E. Society. The teacher who uses it will not only make use of the 156 lessons given therein, but will be led to the making of similar lessons himself, for this book is very suggestive. F. H. Revell Co., Chicago; \$1.25.

"Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes." Translated by Isaac Taylor Headland of Peking University. It is said that there are more nursery rhymes in China than can be found in England and America. Several hundred are given in this volume, which is finely illustrated so as to form one of the most attractive books of the year. Not only the younger folk, but the older also, will find it entertaining. The author says: "There is no language in the world, we venture to believe, which contains children's songs expressive of more keen and tender affection than those we have mentioned;" mention having been made of "Sweet-er than Sugar," "Sweet Pill," "Little Fat Boy," and "Baby Is Sleeping." This fact, he says, has stimulated him in the preparation of the rhymes. They were prepared with the hope that they would present a new phase of Chinese home life, and lead the children of the West to have some measure of sympathy and affection for the children of the East. Parents

looking for some unique Christmas gift that will be a real and lasting delight to the little ones will find it in the collection of Chinese nursery rhymes. F. H. Revell Co., Chicago; \$1.25.

A person came to Mr. Longdon on one occasion and said, "I have something against you, and I am come to tell you of it." "Do walk in, sir," he replied; "you are my best friend: if I could but engage my friends to be faithful with me should be sure to prosper; but, if you please, we will both pray in the first place, and ask the blessing of God upon our interview." After they rose from their knees, and had been much blessed together, he said: "Now, I will thank you, my brother, to tell me what it is that you have against me." "Oh," said the man, "I really don't know what it is: it is all gone, and I believe I was in the wrong."

Do you know that those queer people, the Chinese, eat birds' nests? These edible nests are built by a sort of cave swallow, and are made of grass, seaweed, fibers and small twigs, and are glued to the rocky sides of caves by a saliva which comes out of the bird's bill. Men go with ladders and ropes and gather the nests after the young ones have flown, three times a year, and sell them at from \$10 to \$30 a pound. Wealthy Chinamen buy them and make a soup of them, which is said to be very wholesome and nourishing. Five caverns in Java yield every year about 500,000 nests.

There are several trees and plants in the world whose berries, juice and bark are as good to wash with as real soap. In the West Indian Islands and in South America grows a tree whose fruit makes an excellent lather, and is used for washing clothes. The bark of a tree which grows in Peru and of another which grows in the Malay Islands yields a fine soap. The common soapwort, which is indigenous to England, is so full of saponine that rubbing the leaves together in water produces a soapy lather.

And so let us give thanks to God upon Thanksgiving Day. Nature is beautiful and fellowmen are dear and duty close beside us, and He is over us and in us. What more do we want, except to be more thankful and more faithful, less complaining of our trials and our times and more worthy of the tasks and privileges he has given us.—Phillips Brooks.

All of the flowers of the Arctic regions are either white or yellow, and there are 762 varieties.

## The Home.

### The Patriot's Prayer.

God give us men! A time like this demands  
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready  
hands;

Men whom the lust of office does not kill;  
Men whom the spoils of office can not buy;  
Men who possess opinions and a will;  
Men who have honor—men who will not lie;  
Men who can stand before a demagogue,  
And damn his treacherous flattery without winking;  
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog  
In public duty and in private thinking;  
For while the rabble with their thumb-worn creeds,  
Their loud professions and their little deeds,  
Mingle in selfish strife, lo! Freedom weeps,  
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice sleeps.

—J. R. Lowell.

### Governing vs. Training Children.

It is one thing to govern children, and it is quite a different thing to train them in the way they should go. But, alas! how many parents fail to notice the difference! How many think they are training, when they are only governing their children!

Govern a child in the way he should go, and as soon as he is of age, if not sooner, he will depart from it. But "train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Governing is compulsion; and the child that is simply "governed" is often compelled to observe the Sabbath, be in the home at an early hour of evenings, abstain from chewing and smoking tobacco, and playing truant, all against his will; while the child that is carefully "trained" in the way he should go, does all these things gladly and willingly; and this, by the way, makes all the difference in the world.

Dr. Lyman Abbott says: "I do not say that children should not be governed; but unless the father can do something else than govern the child, he is a failure. It is not enough to keep the boy off the street; you must make him wish to stay off the street. It is not enough to keep him in school; you must make him want the school. It is not enough to prevent him from smoking or drinking; you must make him hate self-indulgence and sensuality. You must make the life and the power within him work out. You cannot save him by anything that is from without, working inward. You cannot in the nation; you cannot in the family."

These words are as true as truth, and their correctness has been sadly demonstrated in many a home. Parents, mistaking governing for training, have kept their children, while small, very obedient and circumspect, by a liberal exercise of parental authority, emphasized by a free use of the rod. Their favorite text was, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." But, when their children got well up in their

teens, or as soon as they attained to their majority, they broke away from parental restraint, and went to the very extreme of self-indulgence and disregard for the rules and injunctions so rigidly enforced by their parents during their earlier life.

The writer has in mind now one who was a boy when he was, and whose father was extremely severe and exacting in "governing" his son, even up to the time of his majority. Not infrequently did he horsewhip him for slight breaches of his rules of propriety, even when he was almost a man grown. But on the morning that boy was twenty-one years of age, he shook his fist in his father's face, declaring defiantly, "You have horsewhipped me for the last time; touch me now, and I'll thrash the floor with you!" Alas! the sad results of all governing and no training!

Parents should insist that obedience to their requirements be rendered by their children; but those requirements should be set forth in the spirit of true parental affection, and should never be arbitrary or unreasonable. The true secret of correct parental training and governing is that warm-hearted, fatherly, motherly affection and sympathy that in due time melts the heart of the most obdurate and incorrigible. How apt and replete with good advice are these words: "And ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath; but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

Christ nurtures his children and his church by the ever-present evidence in the hearts of all believers of his tender compassion and undying love. So all effectual governing and training on the part of parents must ever have for its basis a tender compassion and undying love for the children whom the Lord has given them.—[Religious Telescope.

### One Thanksgiving

The morning came. It came as other Thanksgiving mornings had come—with fresh, frolicking winds and sunlight, and blue skies; with merry voices, with cloudless faces and happy hearts.

I remember just how yellow and murky the sunshine lay on the floor that morning, and how I thought the wind wailed about the corners of the house—to me it had no frolic. The children came in from play while I was at work, all flushed and eager and happy, jostling one another good naturedly in the entry.

Dinner time came at last and they gathered round the table gleefully—just as gleefully, I thought, with a half bitterness, as if they all had been there.

"Why, what's this for?" asked Harry. "Mother, you've got one chair too many."

"Hush, Harry—I don't know—don't you see?" and then Lucy finished her sentence in a whisper.



Why had I done it? I hardly knew. To lay the plates and set the chairs, and pass that one plate by—that place that always was by mine—it stemed hard. It was a very little thing; but you know how dear these little things become to women, sometimes.

So I had put it there—the empty chair; and with its pitiful, appealing blankness beside me, I sat down to the festival meal. I remember just how everything looked as in a picture—my husband's face, with its peaceful smile, and the children grouped around in the old places; and a fleck of yellow sunlight that had fallen in through the warmsouth window upon the table cloth. I remember everything. I know that John had just bowed his head to ask a blessing on our food, and the children's eyes were closed, when I saw—I saw as distinctly as I see this paper upon which I write the words—a shadow fall across the empty chair.

I turned my head and saw him—my dead boy Willie. I knew it was Willie. You need not doubt me, for I tell you I cannot be mistaken. Should I not know him, I, his mother? I looked deep, deep into his eyes. I saw the old, rare smile; I touched his own bright curls upon his forehead; I spoke to him; he spoke to me.

"Willie!"

"Mother!"

The voice was breathless, but it was his.

And then I heard him say distinctly, though to not another ear was the breathless voice audible:

"I want them to be happy. I want you to enjoy the day. Did you think I should not be with you, mother?"

He was with me, thank God, and I was happy. I talked, I laughed, I chatted with the children; their merriment increased with mine; my husband's pale face lighted up; I felt my own eyes were sparkling. And all the while where they saw only that empty chair, I saw the beautiful, still face and happy smile. I saw him pleased with the old, familiar customs. I saw him mindful of the children's jests. I saw his eyes full of their own home love, turn from one to another and back again to me—I saw and I was content. All that day he was beside me. He followed us into the sitting-room and took his old seat by the cosy fire.

Just as the shades began to fall heavily he drew me toward him by the frost-bound window. He stooped and kissed me. He took me in his arms and said, as he had said before:

"Did you think I should not be with you, mother?"

And then I missed him. I called to him, but he did not answer. I stretched out my arms to him, but he did not come back to

me. The room grew dark; my head swam; I tottered over to my husband.

"Oh, John! I have lost him!"

"Mary—why, Mary! what is the matter?" and he caught me in his arms.

I looked up. I was not in the parlor by the frost-bound window; the children were not beside me. The sitting-room fire had died down into ashes; the door into the hail was open, and my husband had on his overcoat. He was holding me tightly in his arms.

"I thought—oh, John! John!" And then I told him all my dream.

At this moment the clock on the mantel struck twelve. We listened to its strokes till the last one died away.

"It is Thanksgiving morning," said my husband, solemnly.

The older children went with us to church that morning. The little church was very still and pleasant, and somehow the services stole away down into my heart, and I thanked Him—I who, only last year, had sat there with my boy beside me.

We stopped after church together where the boy was lying, to let May lay down her little green wreath, and I was glad that she could do it calmly.

### The Coming Man.

The beautiful, true-eyed laddie,

The lad alert and brave,

The lad who obeys like a soldier,

And not like a timorous slave;

This is the lad to be trusted,

To do whatever he can,

In the very best way,

And to do it today;

And this is the coming man.

—Selected.

### Ted's Turkey.

Mrs. Albert Morrison stood by the table in the farm-house kitchen mixing mince meat for Thanksgiving pies.

Frank, Mrs. Morrison's twelve-year-old boy, was coming through the door with a big, live turkey in his arms.

"This is the one, mother, I promised Ted. You know he helped Sarah and me hunt the turkeys when he was here last summer, and he took a great shine to this one. He called it 'Specky,' because of these funny white spots on her wings. Sarah and I promised we'd send it to him Thanksgiving."

"Dear me, Frank! How could you and Sarah make such a promise as that?"

"You know they're our very own turkeys, mother. Sarah and I bought the eggs with our own money, and the old hen hatched them, and we had an awful time bringing them up, hunting miles and miles for them every day. And we're going to give you that big fat one for our Thanksgiving."

"Don't you remember, mother, that Ted wanted to take this turkey home with him and Sarah and I would have let him, but he said he hadn't any yard to keep it in. He almost cried, he was so sorry. That's the reason we promised to send it to him."

"But you don't know where he lives, Frank."

Then the boy pulled a soiled, rumpled bit of paper out of his pocket and showed how Ted had written his address just before he went to the cars.

"Of course, if you promised to send it to the boy you ought to, but supposing he has moved, what then?"

Frank's father came in at that moment with a large Hubbard squash in his hand—something more for Thanksgiving pies. Sarah came with him, bringing seven fresh eggs in her apron. Then they held a family council. Father seemed to settle the question at once with these words: "Send the turkey to Uncle Everett and put the boy's address in a letter; he'll see that it's delivered."

So the next morning the turkey, nicely picked and dressed, was put in a basket and addressed to Uncle Everett Morrison. Sarah and Frank took their own money and paid the expressage.

When Everett Morrison came into the office the next morning, he found a letter on his desk. He tore open the envelope, and read these words:

"Dear Uncle Everett: Ted Hopper, a little boy who lives in New York, came up here with a lot of fresh air children last summer, and stayed with us two weeks. Sarah and I were raising a brood of turkeys, and he used to help us hunt them. You know turkeys are runaways, the best of them. Ted liked the fun first-rate and he liked the turkeys so much that we told him he might take one home with him, but he couldn't, because where he lives they don't have any yards. Sarah and I were so sorry for him we said we would send him one for Thanksgiving, and we know he'll be expecting it, sure. Will you be kind enough to take or send the basket to his house? Mother is afraid he has moved, or we would send it right to his address. Father said the best way was to send it to you. I hope it won't be too much trouble to you."

"We all send love to Aunt Louise, Dorothy, Claude, and yourself. Hope you are all well and will have a pleasant Thanksgiving."

"Your affectionate nephew,

"Frank Morrison."

"Albert's boy writes a very good letter, but what a nuisance it will be hunting up that boy. Those sort of folks are always on the move. Country people don't seem to understand about city distances."

Just then two men came in to talk over cases

with Mr. Morrison in his office. There were complications coming up that were perplexing, and when that gentleman had bidden his clients "Good morning," and gone back to his desk, he was not in the pleasantest mood.

A large basket stood on the table opposite his desk. He had forgotten the turkey matter entirely until his eye fell on the package that his office boy told him had just come in.

"Tomorrow is Thanksgiving; that turkey must go this afternoon. James!" he called. "Take this basket and deliver it at this address," giving the boy the card he had slipped into his pocket.

After Mr. Morrison had instructed him about the street-car lines he should take, he took out his watch. "Hold on, James, I will go with you," he said.

"I hope Albert's folks will never bother me like this again, but after those children have been so good I certainly ought to do my part," was his thought as he signaled the car at the corner.

Mr. Morrison tried to put his mind on the cases he had been discussing that morning. He thought he could clear up some of the mysteries as he rode along, but the people with whom he rode impressed him as he had never been impressed before. Such pathetic, tired, discouraged faces, such a show of misery, he thought, he had never seen.

When they reached the tenement-house where Ted lived, the woman on the first floor said she knew everybody in the house, and there "wasn't nobody by the name of Hopper there." But a boy on the street who had heard the inquiry made, said: "Hopper's folks did live here before you moved in. The old man died, and the woman's moved over there on the corner."

And there they found Ted Hopper. The mother cleaned one of the large office buildings, and had to go there every morning and afternoon, but she would be home soon. The tears came into Ted's eyes as Mr. Morrison handed him the basket and told him it was the turkey that Sarah and Frank had promised him.

"I knew they'd send it sure, mister. I told mother so before she went off to work, but she told me they'd forget all about it."

The mother came in just as Mr. Morrison was going away. Such a delicate-looking woman and such a thin shawl about her! "There's some true folks in the world," she said, "after all. I told Ted to stay and mind the children, and he said he must be looking out for the turkey those children in the country were going send, for fear they'd leave it across the way, but I only made light of it, sir. You see, I was sure he would be disappointed."



Mr. Morrison put a couple of dollars into the woman's hand. "Get some other things to go with the turkey," he said.

When Mr. Morrison went back to the office he wrote a letter to Frank, telling him the turkey had been carried to Ted, and how pleased he was to get it.

Many a family who would have gone without a turkey for their Thanksgiving dinner that year had one sent to them, and all because of Frank and Sarah Morrison's promise to Ted Hopper that summer day.—[Condensed from N. Y. Evangelist.

### Nan's Souvenir.

Nan was going to have a birthday party out at grandma's house. Ten little girls were coming to spend the afternoon and stay to supper.

There was only one thing that troubled Nan, and she went out into the kitchen where grandma was frosting cakes, the afternoon before the party, to talk about it. The cakes looked so good that Nan never could have stood it if grandma had not baked her tasters, in patty pans, of every single kind of cake.

"Everything is too good for anything," said Nan, leaning her elbows on the table, "except I wish I did have silvernears for the party."

"Goodness me!" said grandma, "what's that?"

"Things for them to take away to 'member my party with, for always," answered Nan. "Silvernears is the best part of a party, I think, grandma."

"Oh, yes, souvenirs; yes, I see. Well, we must see about them, then. Didn't you tell me there were twelve kittens down at the barn?"

"Yessum," said Nan, "and—oh, grandma, you said they'd have to go, some of them, anyway, 'cause the farm was getting overrun with cats; but, grandma, you wouldn't say so if you could see them once; they are the sweetest, cunningest, dearest—"

"Yes," said grandma, calmly, "they always are. But why not give them to the party for souvenirs?"

"Oh, grandma, you are the dearest always think of the perfectest things! Of course, there'll be one apiece and two for me—and you don't mind the two for me, do you, grandma?"

And of course grandma said she didn't mind.

So the next day, when the ten little guests went away, after having the most charming time, they each took with them a kitten, in a box with slats fixed so that it could breathe; and after they were all gone Nan went down to the barn. When she came back she looked very sober.

"I wouldn't have thought," she remarked,

"that I could have felt so lonely without those ten kittens. I hope I'm not getting selfish."

And grandma smiled.

The next day grandma was upstairs, when she heard Nan calling; and then, rushing up the stairs, accompanied by a chorus of mew-ing, she burst into the room, her cheeks very red and her eyes very bright, with ten boxes piled up in her arms.

"Oh, grandma," she cried, "the party all came back and brought their silvernears! They said their mammas said they were just as much obliged, but they had so many kittens now they do not really need any more, and say—oh, grandma, don't you think we can keep them now?"

And of course grandma, when she got through laughing, said yes.—[Churchman.

### The Old Doctor's Story.

"Children, I have a story to tell you," the old doctor said to the young people the other evening. "One day—a long, hot day it had been, too—I met my father on the road to town.

"I wish you would take this package to the village for me, Jim," he said, hesitating.

"Now, I was a boy of twelve, not fond of work, and was just out of the hay field where I had been at work since daybreak. I was tired, dusty and hungry. It was two miles into town. I wanted to get my supper, and to wash and dress for singing school. My first impulse was to refuse, and to do it harshly, for I was vexed that he should ask after my long day's work. If I did refuse, he would go himself. He was a gentle, patient old man. But something stopped me—one of God's good angels, I think.

"Of course, father, I'll take it," I said, heartily, giving my scythe to one of the men.

"Thank you, Jim," he said. "I was going myself; but somehow, I don't feel very strong to-day."

"He walked with me to the road which turned off to the town. As he left, he put his hand on my arm, saying again: 'Thank you, my son. You've always been a good boy to me, Jim.'

"I hurried into town and back again.

"When I came near the house I saw a crowd of farm hands at the door.

"One of them came to me, the tears rolling down his face.

"Your father," he said, "fell dead just as he reached the house. The last words he spoke were to you."

"I am an old man now, but I have thanked God over and over again in all the years that have passed since that hour that those last words were: 'You've always been a good boy to me.'"

## Church News.

### Northern California.

**Cloverdale.**—Thanksgiving was pleasantly enjoyed by this church. Service in the morning was conducted by the pastor and \$11.50 collected for the Ministerial Relief society.

**Oakland Pilgrim.**—At the twilight communion last Sunday there was one accession to the church by letter. Prof Lovejoy addressed the Browning club Tuesday evening.

**Oakland Plymouth Ave.**—The church has extended a hearty and unanimous call to the Rev. Stephen Wood to the permanent pastorate. During his ministry of several months there has been marked improvement in all departments and there is with all a feeling of encouragement.

**Oakland First.**—Ten new members were received—seven on confession of faith. The offering at the Thanksgiving service amounted to \$131.50, to be divided equally between the Associated Charities and the King's Daughters' home. The church anticipates a blessing from its fortieth anniversary services.

**San Francisco Third.**—Seven new members were admitted on Sunday morning, three on confession and four by letter. Next Sunday evening the pastor will commence a series of sermons on great painters, giving an interpretation of their higher thought. The artists to be considered are Angelo, Rembrandt, Raphael, Reubens, Titian, Cellini, De Vinci and Dore.

### Southern California

**Paso Robles.**—The fine weather is being improved by the farmers, as the county shows, and much seeding is being done. The work on the "Belt Memorial Chapel" is being pushed, and many are the comments upon its durability and beauty. That it is being built to stay and for service, is a self-evident fact.

**Corona.**—On the evening of November 16 the Metropolitan Jubilee singers gave a concert under the auspices of the Ladies Aid society which, after paying all expenses, left \$35 for the treasury of the Aid society. On Sunday morning, November 25, Rev. H. H. Wikoff was with the Corona church, and the annual offering for the Church Building society was given.

**East Los Angeles.**—East Los Angeles Congregational church held its regular communion service last Sunday, a large audience being in attendance. Seven new members were added to the roll, five on confession and two by letter. The Congregational Prayer union held its regular meeting in our church on Tuesday

of this week. These meetings are growing in numbers and interest and are proving to be very helpful to the ministers, as well as to the laymen. The pastor has been giving a series of evening sermons to the young people on the subject of "Conversion," and the interest of both young and old, not only of church members but others also, has been very gratifying. The attendance has been large, the treatment of the subject has been to classify the experiences of a large number of people, beginning with the causes of conversion and tracing the experience to the fulness of the life of holiness and the experience of sanctification. The sermons have been very helpful to both old and young and God's blessing has been upon them.

**Los Angeles First.**—The First church of Los Angeles, on Sunday, December 2nd, marked the sixth pastoral anniversary of their senior minister, Rev. Warren F. Day, D. D. Both the floral decorations and the music fitted the occasion. A responsive audience listened while Dr. Day spoke of what had taken place during "These Six Years," in the city, nation, and especially in the church. The present pastorate opened under the burden of a bonded debt of \$18,000, besides a considerable general indebtedness, which had been, in exhaustive ways, reduced from an original debt of \$30,000. But the church was brave, loyal and harmonious, though much depressed. By a series of self-sacrifices, that entire debt has been removed, besides the raising of other sums for home expenditures, and several thousands for benevolent and educational purposes. To-day the church does not owe a cent. Six years ago the membership was 431. Since then 686 have been enrolled. Deducting losses by death, dismissals, discipline and revision of the roll, the present membership is 885. Among the additions to the working forces of the church, in place of the well worn piano, which did what it could to aid in the service of song, a memorial pipe organ, costing nearly \$10,000, the gift of Rev. and Mrs. Hildreth, has been secured. Rev. William Horace Day has recently been called, and entered upon his duties as associate pastor with his father, Dr. Day. At the twilight communion, which has been introduced during the present pastorate, on this pastoral anniversary day, a large congregation was present. This last celebration of the Lord's Supper by this church during this year, and this century was felt to be, in some delightful respects, the crowning one. On this occasion seventeen were admitted to fellowship. The present building is not sufficient for the present and pressing necessities. The problem of a considerable improvement or a new building must be met in the near future.



Eagle Rock.—On December 2nd Pastor Smead and his people at Eagle Rock dedicated their new church. Rev. J. T. Ford preached strong sermon from the text "That in all things he might have prominence;" Col. 1:18. Rev. C. H. Longfellow, a former pastor, was present. Miss Brierly, sang a solo and Sec. C. H. Parsons, of Pasadena Y. M. C. A., also assisted in the service. The chairman of the building committee reported that the building cost about \$900 and was free from debt. A freewill offering was taken amounting to over \$20; toward a pulpit and window screens. At the afternoon service the sermon was by another former pastor, Rev. D. Lloyd Jenkins. He explained the difference between a heathen, a Jewish and a Christian dedication, defined true religion and stated some of the good things that a Congregational church stands for. Mr. Gahr, of the choir of the First church in Pasadena, sang "If I were a voice," and, with his wife, rendered a duet, "In the cross of Christ I glory." Rev. T. Hendry, of Park church, Los Angeles, preached in the evening. The attendance at all the services was large and all strangers were hospitably entertained by the people of Eagle Rock.

Los Angeles.—Forefathers' Day is to be celebrated under the auspices of the Los Angeles Congregational union on Tuesday, December 18, anticipating by two or three days the anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims. The celebration is to be in the First Congregational church—dinner at 6 p. m. Address by Rev. Henry Kingman.

Los Angeles.—The Los Angeles Congregational union met Monday, December 3. Subject for discussion: "The essential and permanent elements of revivalism." Led by S. C. Kendall, of Sierra Madre, and participated in with great interest by many others. The union adopted a program of topics for the next six months as follows: January 7—"The meaning, place and ministry of prayer in Christianity."—S. G. Arnett. February 4th—"The social side of Christianity."—C. P. Dorland. March 4—"The Sunday question in relation to the habits of modern life."—H. White Jones. April 1—"Critique on President Hyde's 'God's Education of Man.'"—H. W. Lathe. May 6—"The liquor problem: The economic side."—H. E. Storrs. "The legislative side."—C. D. Wilbur. June 3—"The liquor problem (continued): The ethical side."—D. W. Bartlett. "The Christian side."—D. L. Jenkins.

#### At San Jose

The First Baptist church of San Jose has just closed a most delightful series of meetings lasting two weeks. Rev. James B. Orr,

until recently pastor of the Congregational church at Santa Cruz, was the speaker. Although it rained nearly every night during the first week, yet the interest steadily grew until at the beginning of good weather, the second week, the house was full each night. The church was wonderfully revived and a goodly number were added, while others are coming. The pastor desires to state that Mr. Orr is one of the most acceptable helpers with whom he has ever labored. The work done was of the kind that abides. Very many from other churches were attracted by the clear and strong exposition of Scripture. This is written for the information of other pastors and riot at the request or suggestion of Bro. Orr.—Thos. S. Young, Pastor First Baptist Church.

#### Notes and Personals.

The theme selected for the winter meeting of the Bay Association is "Devotion to the Truth." Several speakers will consider this question with reference to the pulpit, social life, political life and the family. Ample opportunity will be given for the discussion of all the topics. The meeting will be held with the Market Street Congregational church, Oakland, on Tuesday, December 11, beginning at 2 p. m. Each church in the association should be represented by three delegates. Supper will be served by the ladies of the Market street church at 25 cents a plate.

Three new subscriptions were received for the Pacific in the First church of Berkeley Sunday morning. Four were added during the week to the eight secured at the First church in this city last Sunday.

The First church of Oakland was organized December 9th, 1860. It will celebrate its fortieth anniversary, beginning next Sunday. Dr. George Mooar, the first pastor, will preach at the morning service, and Dr. J. K. McLean, the second pastor, at the evening service. The Sunday School will also hold an anniversary and will be addressed by former superintendents. On Monday evening, the church will tender a public reception to Dr. Mooar, Dr. and Mrs. McLean, Mr. and Mrs. William Rader, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Williams and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. R. Brown. On Wednesday evening the communion service will be held, Drs. Mooar and McLean administered the sacrament. The church extends a cordial invitation to all former members to be present at some of these services and to share in the anniversary occasion. It is unusual for a church to have but three pastors in forty years and for all these pastors to still reside in the city where the church is located. The fact that all three will be present and participate in the anniversary adds to the joy and interest of the occasion.

## Oregon Letter.

BY GEORGE H. HIMES.

Jacksonville is the oldest town in Southern Oregon. It began its career as a mining camp early in 1852. All the experiences of the early California placer mining camps have been repeated there. At the end of ten years it came to be of considerable commercial importance, since it was surrounded by an excellent farming and stock raising country. Its prestige in that respect was maintained until about 1888, when the Southern Pacific railroad in building through the Rogue river valley, located its depot five miles away from Jacksonville. That point has grown to be the town of Medford, with a population estimated to be 2,500, and Jacksonville is deeply in the shadow with less than 1,000, although through the good fortune of having had a well constructed brick court house before the railroad days, it still remains the county seat of Jackson county. There is a Catholic, Presbyterian, Methodist, Methodist South and Baptist church in the place. All have fairly good buildings, the Presbyterian house of worship being the best of all and the largest. That church has no pastor now, but maintains a good Sunday School which is conspicuous for an absence of boys. Of course a few boys attend, but the proportion is less than in any Sunday School I have attended for some time.

Medford is well equipped with churches, so is Grants Pass, 30 miles farther north, with a population of 2,000, and Roseburg as well, 98 miles north of Grants Pass, with a population of about 3,500. In all this great stretch of 218 miles from Ashland to Eugene, there is not a house of worship of the Pilgrim faith. It is probably wise that it is not so, because it is painful to think that we as Congregationalists could not have been first on the ground at each of these points, so that a line of communication could have been established, there greatly strengthening the fellowship of churches and ministers. At each place there are Presbyterian churches, and in each is found a goodly number of Congregationalists who, to their credit be it said, are among the most active members.

The Eugene church is constantly growing in strength and influence, and every communion witnesses the addition of new members. The influence of the pastor, Rev. MacH. Wallace, in the church and upon the community is growing stronger daily. With all deference to the excellent pastors who have preceded Mr. Wallace, it is quite certain that he possesses more elements of strength than any of the others.

The communion service was observed this morning. It was a blessed privilege to be pres-

ent and partake of the elements. Mr. Wallace's method of conducting the service was most impressive. It is calculated to arouse a worshipful spirit in the best sense. An individual communion set was used in the distribution of the elements. Two deacons distributed the bread and four the wine. Everything was orderly and in harmony with the true spirit of such an occasion. The entire time was given to the service, thus avoiding unseemly haste and foreshortening the Sunday School hour. One of the deacons was Rev. Thomas Condon, one of the earliest and best beloved pastors in the State. For many years he has been professor of geology in the University of Oregon, and now in his 79th year is active and efficient in his daily round of duties. In his residence of nearly fifty years in Oregon he and his estimable wife have greatly endeared themselves to large numbers of people.

Opportunity offering on Thanksgiving day, your correspondent attended union service in the Episcopal church of this city. He was a little curious to know what a union service in an Episcopal church would be like. He found out. The resident pastors united with the lay members of all churches in attending the service. The rector conducted the service in every part and the pastors had the privilege by special invitation of the rector, of marching from the rear seats of the church in a body, to a front seat and remaining during the service outside the chancel, only this and nothing more.

Rev. Arthur W. Ackerman will give a series of "End of the Century Talks" during December as follows: 9th—"In our conception of God." 16th—"In the knowledge of man." 23rd—"In appreciation of Christ." 30th—"Of insight in the world beyond."

Last week a Young Men's Congregational Club was organized in the Oregon City church. It started off with a good deal of enthusiasm. Such a movement wisely managed may become a vital force in the church and also a means of doing much good in the city at large.

The little spurt of winter has passed. For the past week we have had the most delightful weather—mild and balmy as a May morning.

Eugene, Dec. 2, 1900.

Washington I. t t r.

BY I. LEARNED.

Since the result of the recent Ecclesiastical Council at Seattle was unfavorable to the restoration of Mr. J. A. Baldrige to the Christian ministry and giving him standing as a Congregational pastor, he has resigned his



connection with the First church at Port Angeles and the church has accepted his resignation by an almost unanimous vote. His especial friends outside of the church have rented a hall in that city, where he will preach for a while every Sabbath morning.

Rev. Harry W. Young, missionary of the C. S. S. and P. S., supplied that church on December 2nd, and it is expected that regular services will be maintained while a new pastor is being sought.

Our church at Olympia, which has been pastorless since April last, believes the time has come when its work should be renewed, and will probably decide upon a pastor within the present month. The Sunday School has been kept in good condition during all the season.

The town is filling up rapidly until now it is said that not a single convenient and comfortable residence in the city is vacant. Many of the present State officials whose terms expire in January expect to remain residents, while the incoming officials almost despair of finding shelter here for their families.

The outlook for our church has never been better provided a suitable pastor shall be found who will push aggressive work with wisdom.

Pastor Temple, of Plymouth church, Seattle, who has been devoting one midweek meeting nearly every month during the year to some phase of our missionary work, closes this schedule on December 20th with an all day meeting, in which all the Congregational churches of the city are invited to unite. His booklet prepared at the beginning of the year presents a most instructive and interesting program in which this world-wide missionary work will be outlined by various speakers in brief addresses followed by discussion at that time.

Rev. F. E. Whitham, of Columbia City, has received a call from the church at Ritzville, one of the growing and wealth-increasing towns of the State. Columbia City can ill afford to spare him, and yet some such man is much needed at this principal town of Adams county.

Rev. T. W. Walters, for these many years the general missionary for Eastern Washington, has received a call from the Pilgrim church at Spokane.

We also learn of the resignation of Rev. Geo. E. Atkinson, of Tekoa.

Rev. J. S. McEwen has resigned the pastorate of the church at Newport, Stevens county, Wash., and the out-station of Priest River, Idaho, a few miles across the line between these States. Missionaries Percival and Johnson, of the C. S. S. and P. S., will plan for one service each a month at these points until other arrangements can be effected.

The Newport people are now completing

the interior of their new building, encouraged thereto by a small pledge from the C. C. B. S.. A few days ago, having obtained the consent of Missionary Johnson to direct the work, a "lathing bee" was held, when eleven lathers made quick work of their part of the work, while the ladies of the church waited upon them with coffee and more substantial edibles.

Missionary Percival recently found six persons with letters from Congregational churches elsewhere watching and waiting for the opportunity to be received into a neighboring Congregational church, but the church had been for many months pastorless and somewhat indifferent to its position and duty.

Supt. Bailey's resignation of the supervision of the H. M. society's work among our churches, which was to take effect on January 1st, seems to have taken effect, so far as this State is concerned at some time in October, leaving no place for a successor during the intervening months. With an unusual number of vacant churches to be supplied and no one to look after them the work has become somewhat demoralized.

Olympia, Dec. 1st.

#### The First Protestant Missionary to China.

The recent Chinese troubles have made even school children familiar with the trials and dangers of missionary life. At this time, it is instructive to read of the first Protestant missionary to China, because his zeal and faithfulness laid the foundation on which our present devoted missionaries have been working. A sketch of him is given in the Sabbath-school Visitor:

Robert Morrison was born January 5, 1872, in the little town of Morpeth, Northumberland, England. He had advantages of education, but at first it seemed as if he would not profit by them, for Robert Morrison ranked among the illustrious dunces of history.

At fourteen he was bound out as an apprentice, and it is said, worked with great diligence and industry. There now dawned one of the saddest periods of his life—he was led into evil ways, and did many things, the remembrance of which caused him the blush of shame even to old age.

But happily he was brought to change his ways, to give up his evil associates, and he became soundly converted to God. He felt the call to carry the light of the gospel to the souls in midnight darkness, and offered himself to the London Missionary Society, and was accepted. He was ordained January 8, 1807, and set sail the following May for Canton, China, where he arrived September 8th.

His first step on landing was to make the effort to obtain a Chinese assistant who could

teach him the language, and in this manner help him to make known the glad tidings he had come to bring. But the startling intelligence confronted him that the Chinese were prohibited from teaching their language to a foreigner, under penalty of death.

Finally, after many thrilling experiences and just as he was on the point of giving up in despair, he secured, principally through the efforts of Sir George Thomas Staunton, a noble Englishman, a native teacher named Abel Yun. Yun was a Roman Catholic Chinese from Peking, and was willing to take the risk.

They had to proceed with great caution. Many times the lives of both were in imminent danger. One false step would at any moment have precipitated matters and closed the career of the noble Morrison. But this proximity of danger seemed only to rekindle his zeal. Through many fiery trials and persecutions innumerable he kept steadfastly on in the determination to kindle a small ray at least of the divine light in that benighted land. Many poor, struggling souls came to him for help and enlightenment. His own soul yearned over them day and night, and how earnestly he prayed and worked that their darkened eyes might see the light!

The great work of his life was the translation of the New Testament into Chinese. He then ran great danger through the assistance he found it necessary to employ. There was no telling when those who helped him would take a notion to betray him, especially if they thought there was a reward in it. Often, too, he suffered through their capriciousness and ill-temper.

But despite this, he bravely faced the dangers round him that his work of translating the Bible into Chinese might go on. Through innumerable trials, bitter persecutions, sufferings, hardships and dangers, he patiently and heroically kept on to the end. He lived to accomplish his work of translating the Bible into Chinese. Not only that, but to see it circulated and read by scores and scores of those hungry souls that were perishing for the bread of life.

He died at Canton, August 1, 1834, and his name is a "sweet-smelling savor" in many Chinese homes today.

A prize has been offered by a German society for the best design for an electric railway upon which trains can travel at the rate of one hundred and twenty-five miles an hour.

We are inclined to think that novels have a larger sale than other class of literature. This is a great mistake, says the Lounger in The Critic. Religion sells to a much greater ex-

tent. No novel ever written has reached the sale of "The Imitation of Christ," or in later days of Dr. Sheldon's "In His Steps." It is said that of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons one hundred million copies have been sold. Quite double that number have been circulated in newspapers and other ways. A writer in the London Puritan says: "It may seem incredible, but I believe it is quite true, that the number of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons sold since 1855 exceeds the number of Bibles circulated since the beginning of the century." When it is borne in mind that the British Foreign Bible Society prints five tons of Bibles every day, it will be understood what this means. Messrs. Passmore & Alabaster publish nothing else. They sell twenty thousand copies of Mr. Spurgeon's books and sermons every week. Over half a million volumes of these have been sold in the United States.

A decision of a Justice of the Supreme Court of New York is to the effect that a private person may sue for damages for the publication of a photograph without the owner's consent. This decision will be welcomed everywhere by lovers of individual rights. There are vulgar people who are glad to "get their picture in the paper," even as an example of a cure by a patent medicine; but to the great majority of persons in private life, especially ladies, the publication of a photograph is a real hardship. The injury is greater when the picture is used for advertising purposes. One of the strongest of human rights is that of privacy, and not every lady cares to have her picture hawked about the country in connection with tobacco or liquor advertisements. Every effort to collect damages for the publication of photographs will conduce to good morals and conserve good taste. With persons in public life it is different. The publication of the portrait of a candidate for office or of a man prominent in public affairs is in response to a public demand, which is legitimate, and would be justified by any court.

#### Born.

BURGESS—In Auburn, California, November 17, 1900, to Rev. H. F. Burgess and wife, a son.

"When we learn to keep ourselves out of sight as well as 'Matthew the publican,' we will be able to magnify Christ better than we do."

Count no duty too little, no round of life too small, no work too low, if it come in thy way, since God thinks so much of it as to send his angels to guard thee in it.—Mark Guy Pearse.



# ROYAL BAKING POWDER

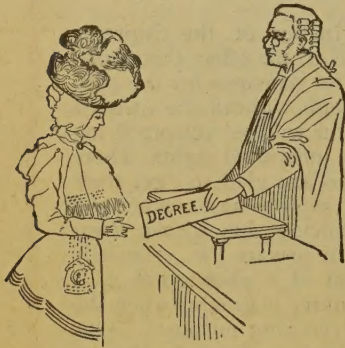
**ABSOLUTELY PURE**

**Makes the food more delicious and wholesome**

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK.

He: So far, dear, our married life has been "one grand, sweet song."  
She: Yes, darling, in one flat.

As we often hear of flying bricks we ought not to be astonished at hearing a chimney flue.



The divorce evil seems to grow with every year. 7,500 divorces were granted in the State of Ohio last year. We agree that there are faults on both sides, but the great problem is: Are those faults remediable? To a great extent there is no doubt the conditions which result in divorce may be remedied. Given a dyspeptic husband and a wife suffering from female trouble and we have the ready made elements of a divorce case. In view of the facts there can be very little doubt that many women look forward to divorce only because they seek relief from obligations they do not feel fitted to fulfill. Women are not to blame. They have looked forward to their home life as a dream of paradise. Then disease comes like a serpent and destroys all happiness.

Women who suffer with debilitating drains, inflammation, ulceration, female trouble and bearing down pains, will find certain relief and cure in Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It so invigorates the organs peculiarly feminine and regulates their functions that they are established in a perfectly healthy condition. The old lightness of heart comes back; there's light in the eyes and a smile on the lips. The old irritation and nervousness are gone, and the husband comes to his home as a haven of rest and comfort.

"I was troubled with female weakness, and after taking three bottles of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription I am free from pains," writes Mrs. May E. Jones, 520 Madison Ave., Ypsilanti, Mich. "I had suffered for two years when I began taking your medicine. I could not walk across my room without suffering dreadful pains. Now I do all my housework and walk where I please—thanks to Dr. Pierce's medicine."

Ammonia and water cleans mud off an umbrella.

It is a maxim of prudence to leave things before they leave us.

"Why did you work out Rhoda's lesson?" demanded the teacher, sternly. "To lessen her work," said the witty culprit.

Mistress: Bridget, what is the clock doing on the range  
Bridget: Didn't you tell me ter boil the eggs five minutes by the clock

"A kiss," remarked the Sentimental Boarder, "is like pounding a sugar barrel. The less noise it makes the more sweetness there is in it."

"Can you spell your name, Tommy?" "Yes. T-o-m-j-e, Tommy."  
"What do you spell it that way for?" "Cause I'm a Boer sympathizer."

"Which is the head barber?" inquired the customer. "We're all head barbers," replied the artist. "What did you suppose we were—corn doctors?"

Marks that have been made on paint with matches can be removed by rubbing first with a slice of lemon, then with whiting, and washing with soap and water.

"That's an awfully heavy cane."  
"Yes; I call it my don't worry cane." "Why, that?" "Because if I hit anybody on the head with it he doesn't worry any more."

Ma: Did you see the Duchess at the reception? Little Elsie: I think I did. Ma: How did you know her? Little Elsie: Oh, I just picked out the Dutchest looking lady there.

"I shouldn't think such a prominent man would care to have a cheap cigar named after him."

"Why not! He likes to have his name in everybody's mouth."

"Mamma, can a door speak?" "Certainly not, my love." "Then why did you tell Anne this morning to answer the door?" "It is time for you to go to school, my dear."

Teacher: How many of my scholars can remember the longest sentence they ever read? Billy: Please, mum, I can. Teacher: What! Is there only one? Well, William you can tell the rest of the scholars the longest sentence you ever read. Billy: Imprisonment for life.

No name but Lincoln's was presented to the Republican convention in 1864, and from the first his re-election was never in serious doubt. But the abiding issue of that campaign, as the sequel proved, was the nomination and election of Andrew Johnson to the Vice-presidents preferred a War Democrat on the ticket with him, and his first selection was General Benjamin Butler. But Butler, when approached by an agent of the President, declined peremptorily to permit his name to be considered, and Johnson was finally selected as the most available man for the place. Butler refused because of his personal dislike of Lincoln. It was a costly refusal, for Johnson came President within a year.

Back and forth: "Edmond, what made you so late?" "My dear, I came in my new automobile and passed the house five times before I could arrange to stop."—Indianapolis Journal.

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esely and cook five minutes over  
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t burst and rub through a col-  
der. Put the strained pulp into  
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(Signed) **MRS. AMELIA ALLEN, Turin, N.Y.**  
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of February, 1900.  
**A. C. MILLER,**  
*Justice of the Peace.*

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were cooked. Add three-fourths of a pint of granulated sugar and simmer five minutes, stirring constantly. To make cheese straws, roll piecrust dough the same thickness as for pies. Cut in strips from six to ten inches wide and cut the strips into straws or sticks a quarter of an inch in width. Lay upon baking sheets, leaving a space between the straws a third the width of the straws. Grate rich cheese, season to taste with salt and red pepper and scatter thickly over the straws and the spaces between them. Put in the oven where the greatest heat will be at the top and bake ten or fifteen minutes. Cut the cheese in the center of the spac-

es between the straws, remove from the baking sheet with a limber knife and pile tastily on a plate.

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